

THE MISSILE

MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA



THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXXV

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1947

No. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SENIOR SECTION

Staff
Class Poem
Seniors
Clubs

MAGAZINE SECTION

	Page		Page
Athens of Virginia	Anita Mersel 1	Mystery	Harry Taylor 45
Treasure Trove	Evelyn Howerton 5	Raptures	Kathryn Street 46
My World		A Dream	
A Song		A Thought	
The Marsh		My Shining Hour	Rose Varn 47
The Moon		Portrait of a Beauty	Drewry Beasley 48
Once Upon a Time	Betty McGill 7	Songs of Love	Marilyn Geiselman 49
In Spirit	Martha Woods 10	Love	
Ain't It The Truth	Ann Rogers 11	A Glimpse of Spring	
The Wind	Marilyn Geiselman 13	Yeocomico Church	Patsy Payne 51
Metaphors	Helen Foussekis 14	Sonnets	
In The Night		Life	Evelyn Howerton 53
They Were Only Two		God's Breath Was Everywhere	
Life		Helen Foussekis	53
Wakefield, Birthplace of George Washington		Nature's Balm	Davis Wyatt 54
Honore Parker	17	On Seeing A Tidal Wave	Nan Jones 54
Serenity	Delores Thompson 20	The Portrait	Betty McGill 55
The Sea	William Jackson 20	Fear	Ann Rogers 58
Runner's Heart	Frank Scott 21	Hardship of a Journey Back Home	
Verses	Mary Kevan Lai 25	Helen Foussekis	59
Leaves		Cinquains	
Evening		Self-Pity	Helen Foussekis 61
The Playmates		At Peace	Anita Mersel 61
The Waiting Game	Kathryn Street 27	'Tis Spring	Donald Lea 61
Stratford Hall	Davis Wyatt 29	The Great House	Jean Cotten 63
Death	Anita Mersel 32	Mister Yankee	Rose Varn 65
Adventure in Shangri-La	Bert Stubblebine 33	The Fleeting Light	Kathryn Street 66
Thoughts On Seeing A Sunset	Nan Jones 36	The Daily Grind	Martha Woods 67
God's World		Memory Box	Mildred Johnson 68
Visiting A Cathedral	Virginia Prichard 37	A Summer Night	Frances Allen 68
A Scene in Autumn	Virginia Prichard 37	My Love	Shep Russell 69
Reverie	Barbara Pittman 38	An Old Courthouse	Bert Stubblebine 71
Adoration		By The Sea	Charles Willis 73
Stained Glass Windows	Rose Varn 39	Day Dreaming	Pattie Ruth Lewis 74
Easter Lilies	Jean Atkins 39	The Great Moment	Edgar Gilliam 75
Sons of Stratford	Kathryn Street 41	My Life	Niles Kitchen 76
Winter Nightfall	Davis Wyatt 42	Wind Everywhere	Rose Varn 76
All's Well	Catherine Whittle 43	I Am A Clock	Virginia Prichard 77
		Advertisements	78

Issued in May by the students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.
Subscription Rate: \$1.00 a copy; 75c by advance subscription.

"The Missile"

... STAFF

MISSILE STAFF

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

ANITA MERSEL

Assistant Editors

ROSE VARN

BERT STUBBLEBINE

KATHRYN STREET

PATSY PAYNE

CHARLOTTE JONES

DAVIS WYATT

BETTY MCGILL

HONORE PARKER

JEAN COTTEN

Business Staff

Business Manager

SHEP RUSSELL

Assistants

JOHN BENNETT

THAD REDMOND

BILLY GILLIAM

AMANDA SMITH

ERNESTINE HALL

LLOYD BREWER

JACK HAIRE

GLENN MOORE

GERALD MANN

LOIS SMITH

JAMES CURRY

LENA SIMMONS

Circulation Staff

Circulation Manager

SHERWOOD CHURN

Assistants

ELIZABETH SPAIN

THOMAS PARHAM

ANNE TUNSTALL

Art Staff

Art Editors

CHARLES SHEFFIELD

EDGAR GILLIAM

Assistants

ELAINE JACOBS

KENNETH GRAVES

BARBARA PITTMAN

JEAN SANDERSON

Photograph Editor

BETTY ALDRIDGE

Assistants

KATHLEEN SHOLES

NELL WASHER

ANN WILLIAMSON

MAE CREASY

BETTY KIDD

Staff Photographer

MR. EDMUND B. CONGDON

Faculty Advisors

Literary

MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.

Business

MR. W. W. READE

Circulation

MR. JAMES W. SUTHERLAND



The Ship

By KATHRYN STREET

*The stately ship unfurls its sails
And heads out toward the ocean.
A soft wind blowing from the South
Gently guides its motion.*

*Behind it lies the quiet bay,
The days of idle pleasure.
Ahead are adventures ne'er before
known,
And hardships without measure.*

*Racking storms may lash its hull
And tear its sheets asunder,
But it will still sail bravely on
Undaunted by wind and thunder.*

*As we tread the path of life,
Through tribulations trying,
Let it be said we weathered the storm
And returned with colors flying.*

Senior Section



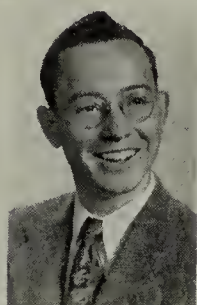
1947

Lennie Morris Brooks
Vivian Nell Washer

PMS 47

Herbert Franklin Wall
Cora Kathleen Dail
Marshall Lynn Moore

John Edward Andrews
Sarah Ann Rogers
Lucy Lee Birdsong
Margaret Ann Williamson
Willis Robinson Bain, Jr.



Niles Arnold Kitchen
Mildred Johnson
Anita Hanes Stewart
Carol Louise Cawthon
Mary Anne Whitten
Percy Thomas Barfield, Jr.



William Lee Bryant
Pattie Ruth Lewis
Barbara Jean Ivey
Marguerite Fannie Hubbard
Dorothy Anne Porter
Edwin Totty



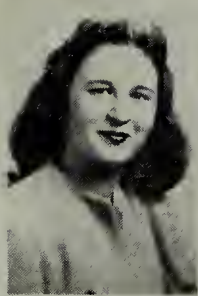
William Ward Jackson
Anne Katherine Brockwell
Mary Kevan Lai
Lillie Marshall Harrison
Frances Lewis Allen
Robert White Birdsong



James Bryan Smith, Jr.
Isabel Sexton
Barbara Sylvia Shapiro
Hubert Harrison Shiner, Jr.

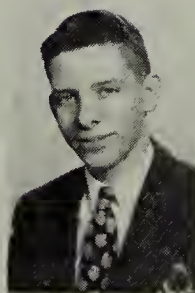
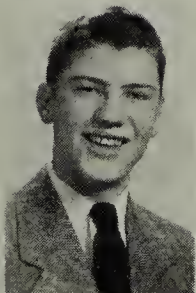


PMS

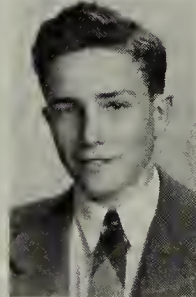
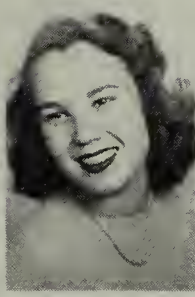
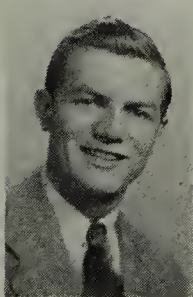


47

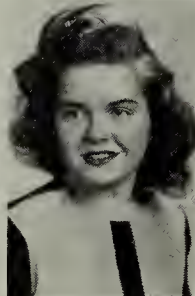
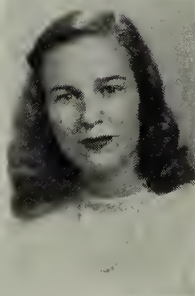
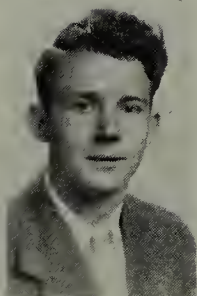
Willie Lou Grant
Barclay Walthall



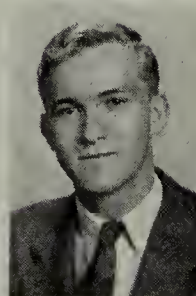
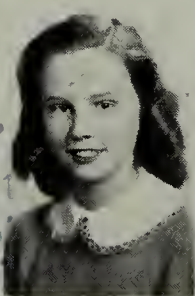
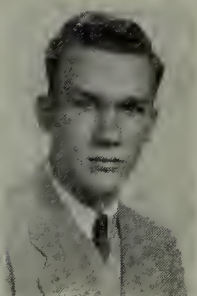
Victor Parks, III
Rosalie Anderson Varn
James Shepherd Russell



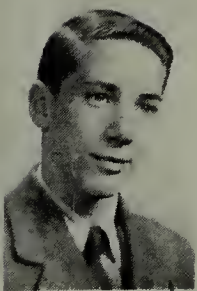
Charles William Harrington
Gloria Brockwell
Elizabeth Bolling Spain
Lola Dean Land
William Singler Brooks, Jr.



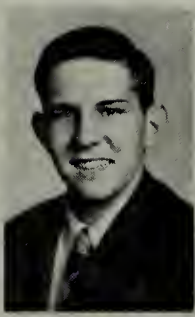
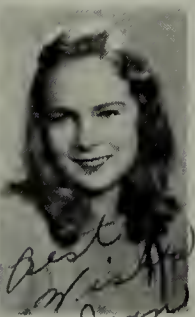
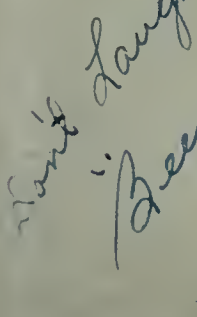
Robert Hampton Clark
Mary Edna Harris
Nancy Ann Jennings
Anna Whitley Bland
Ruby Elaine Doyle
John Vaughan Burnett



Milton Lee Cheeley
June Frances Moody
Marie Golom
Doris Louise Rudy
Nancy Elizabeth Cotten
William George Cizek



Robert Laird Van Dyck
Mary Desher
Harriet Struminger
Phyllis Dawn Thayer
Dorothy Louise Bone
John Daniel Haire, Jr.



Donald Levine Hogwood
Barbara Anne Carter
Jean Russell Baugh
Joseph William Hatchett

*Monte Laugh
"Bernie"*

*Best wishes
always
a small piece
of love*

*Best
wishes
Jean*

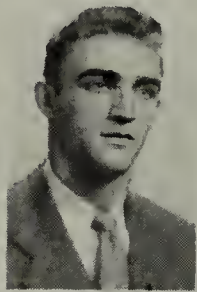
Norma Ellen Vaughan
Charles Forrest Haddon, Jr.

PMS



47

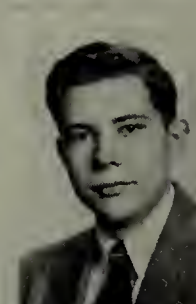
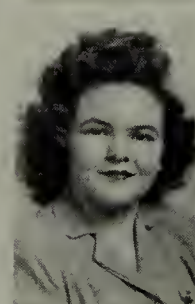
Paul Edward Webb, Jr.
Marian Ethel Orrell
Mary Eloise Perkinson
Gerald Ray Hamner



Drewry Waves Beasley, Jr.
Joycelyn Anita Vaughan
Barbara Mae Perkinson
Dolores Lillian Daly
Roy Lee Stone



Haynie William Crafton, Jr.
Nancy Lee Thompson
Gloria Mae Butler
Sarah Frances Aldridge
Mary Olleen Mason
William Jeryl Fink



Joseph Edward Lyman
Marie Louise Perkinson
Sophie Agnes Kreicu
Dorothy McGee
Eva Frances Garrett
Thomas William Mayton



Thomas Bernard Moore
Jean Arthur Oliver
Alma Mae Creasy
Enla Charlene Burton
Shirley Virginia Perkinson
James Melvin Jones



Allen Edwards
Ellen Sullivan
Barbara Frances Saal
Charles Edgar Gilliam, Jr.

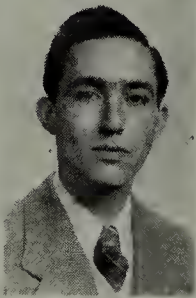


PMS

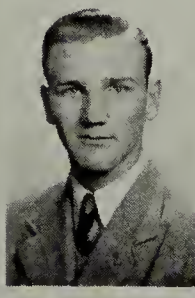
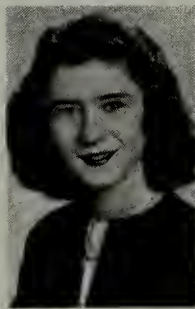
47



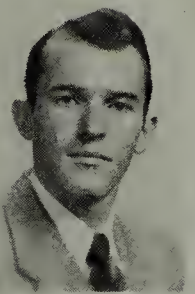
George Edward Brockwell
Caroline Ellen Cunningham



*Love to my
sweet old Jean
Love
Shirley*



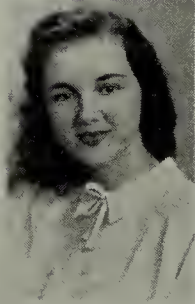
David Arnold Payne
Shirley Louise Starnes
Charles Sears Jones
Preston Gilbert Picardat, Jr.



James Richard Bowles
Lois Jeanette Caudle
Evelyn Lavell Langford
Helen Louise Howerton
Howard Milton Lum



*To A
Sweet
Phyllis*

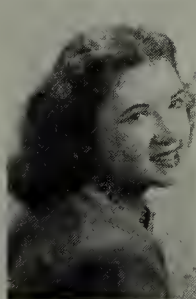
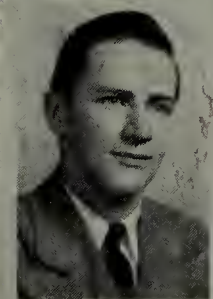


*The best of
luck to all
the girls*



*Best of luck
to all sweet
girls
Billy*

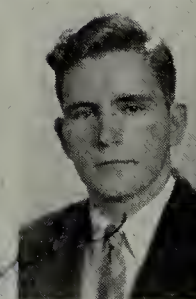
Harry Wilson
Phyllis Ann Hogue
Hilda Alease Handschuh
Helen Mary Foussekis
Mary Kathleen Sholes
William Lee Marshall



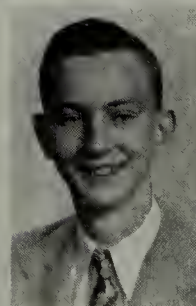
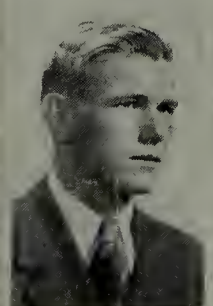
*Adelia
Williams
Della*



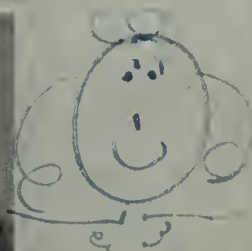
*Love
a darling
girl
Nannette*



Gene Austin Joyner
Anita Mersel
Adelia Saunders Williams
Nell Frances Crostic
Frances Nannette Ramsey
Collin Eldred Elmore



Richard Neal Blankenship, Jr.
Barbara O'Neil Hatchell
Florence Maxine Mayton
Doris Jane Pond
Blanche Adele Collett
Stephen Courtney Hite



George Edward Fulford, Jr.
Helen Louise Andrews
Nancy B. Crumpler
Charles Madison Sheffield
JEAN YADORA

Evelyn Louise Howerton
Gerald Carr Mann

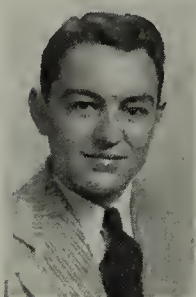
PMS



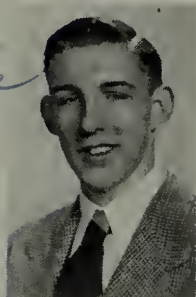
47

*Love you
Gerald*

Roy Donald Lea, Jr.
Margaret Ann Hargrave
Mary Evelyn James
Floyd Merton Lee

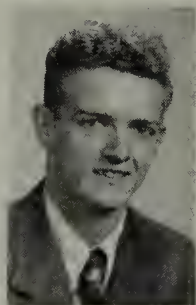


Best Friend

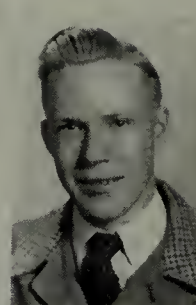


Mary Evelyn

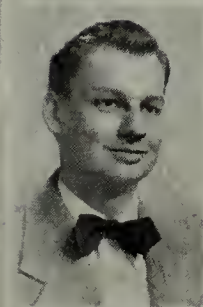
Robert William Emory
Marjorie Lee Brockwell
Mary Sylvia Sammons
Joan Motto
Davis Burton Wyatt



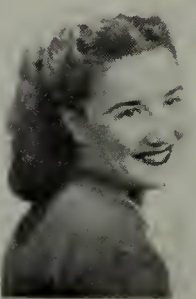
Most Perfect



Walter Edward Coley
Gloria Ann Ramsey
Delores Thompson
Esther Mae Sammons
Ann Marie Smith
Richard Clyde Datin, Jr.



Howard Ernest Wamsley
Irene Marie Leigh
Mary Page Heath
Lunice Kathleen Lanier
Nancy Grey Rose
Liebert Hawkins



*Best Friend
to always
Base*



James Lee Slater, III
June Ercelle Jefferson
Kathryn Louise Street
Mary Jane Anderson
Ruby Lorraine Kesler
William Beverly Gates, III



*Love & friendship
everything
(JSL)*



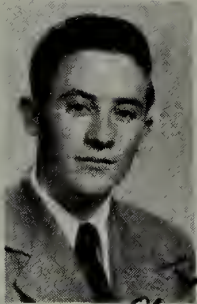
*Best Friends
Fairy*

James Gordon Aters
Mildred Elaine Wood
Betty Ann Barfield
Russell Clements

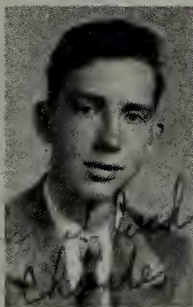


PMS

47



Earl McIlwaine Brockwell
Margaret Janet DeKay

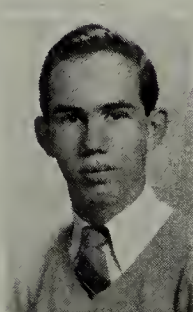
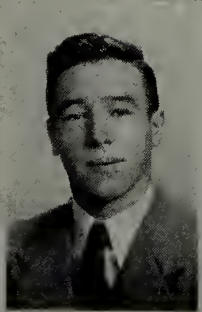


Charles Everett Farmer
Martha Burwell Woods
Elaine Helen Orrell
Leland Stanford Short, Jr.

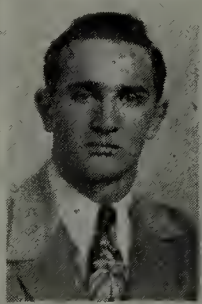
*what can I say
best I love
your wonderful
marriage*



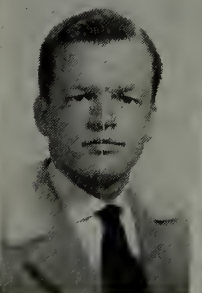
Edgar William Parrish
Joyce Hamner
Mildred Ann Emory
Evelyn Crowder
David Joel Levenson



Randolph Ernest Picardat, Jr.
Juanita Hopkins
Virginia Elizabeth Williams
Barbara Lee Frazier
Shirley Reese Mason
John Gus Kappas



Eldon Kitchen
Rose Marie Hogwood
Jean Williams
Dorothy Whitehurst
Glenice May Crowder
Bernard Lee Perkinson



Fred William Weaver, Jr.
Louise Joyce Bishop
Charlyne Lee Allen
Margaret Engenia Crawley
Jean O'Neal Phibbs
William Armstead Aldridge

*Love to
sue. Well, Gal,
Jan*



George Ransom Perkinson
Margaret Charleen Gordon
Colleen Olivia Mason
Patsy McGowan Payne
Ralph Jennings Cates

*Love to
sue. Well, Gal,
Jan*

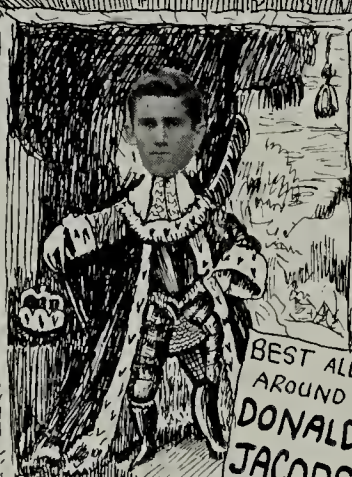
SENIOR ★ ★
★ MUSEUM
FEBRUARY '47



BEST ATHLETES—
RICHARD HALBERT AND
JEANETTE CAULE



BEST ALL AROUND
KATHLEEN
SHOLES



BEST ALL
AROUND
DONALD
JACOBS

BEST
LOOKING

WILLIS
BAIN →



BRIGHTEST
→
ANITA
MERSEL



BEST LOOKING
JOY
VAUGHAN

BATTIEST
← LOUISE PERKINSON
AND WILLIAM GATES



BRIGHTEST
HARRY
TAYLOR







Faculty

Principal RUSSELL B. GILL
Assistant Principal H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.
Librarian MRS. GLADYS BARRETO
Secretary PATRICIA MOORE

First Row

H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Russell B. Gill

Second Row

Courtney Allen
Shirley Harris
Jo Keeter
Georgia Wood
Frances Morgan
Mrs. Sue Leftwich
Mary Bailey
Mrs. Gladys Barreto

Third Row

Mary Perkins
Laura Meredith
Katherine Warner
Helen Wilson
Elizabeth Davies
Frances Browning
Gladys Wilkinson
Frances Evans
Mrs. Pauline Robertson
Charlotte Gilliam

Fourth Row

Charles Guthrie
Arthur Brown
Frank Bowers
Horace Knight
Jack Holt Boger
I. B. Pittman
William Reade

Fifth Row

D. Pinckney Powers
H. S. Holmes
A. W. Lloyd
B. F. Alexander
J. W. Sutherland
E. B. Congdon
E. B. Smoot

Elizabeth Davies

*Senior Officers
and
Senior Committee*



Officers of the February Class

President KATHLEEN SHOLES
Vice-President JEAN IVEY
Secretary HAROLD ROBERTSON
Treasurer ANNE PORTER

Officers of the June Class

President BILLY MARSHALL
Vice-President ROBERT VAN DYCK
Secretary DOROTHY MAGEE
Treasurer HOWARD EANES

<i>First Row</i>	<i>Fifth Row</i>
Billy Marshall	Howard Eanes
Kathleen Sholes	Allen Edwards
<i>Second Row</i>	<i>Sixth Row</i>
Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.	Coraleen Dail
Anne Porter	
<i>Third Row</i>	<i>Seated Above</i>
Jean Ivey	Robert Van Dyck
	Harold Robertson
<i>Fourth Row</i>	
Dorothy Magee	



*Veterans
at P. H. S.*

VETERAN STUDENTS

First Row

Gordon Aters
Walter Burge
P. T. Barfield
Eldon Kitchen
Robert James
Liebert Hawkins
Howard Wright
Charles Birdsong
John Archer
Charles Doss
Jimmy Vest

Second Row

Bobby Clark
Harold Robertson
Boice Ware
Bobby Churn
Donald Hogwood
Linwood Wolfrey
James Jefferson
Ben Smith
William Bryant

Third Row

Forrest Sledge
Frank Woodruff
Milton Freeland
Bernard Perkinson
Joseph Prince
Charles Haddon
Fred Weaver
David Payne
Albert Pond
Marvin Gill

Fourth Row

Wesley Richardson
Wellford Moore
Milton Cheeley
Carl Peters
Elwood Browder
Harry Wilson
Lee Roy Hargrave
Clay King
Wesley Denson
John Humphries

Fifth Row

James Johnson
George Fulford
Percy Perkinson
Tommy Sullivan
Charles Lanier
William Aldridge
Thomas Howerton

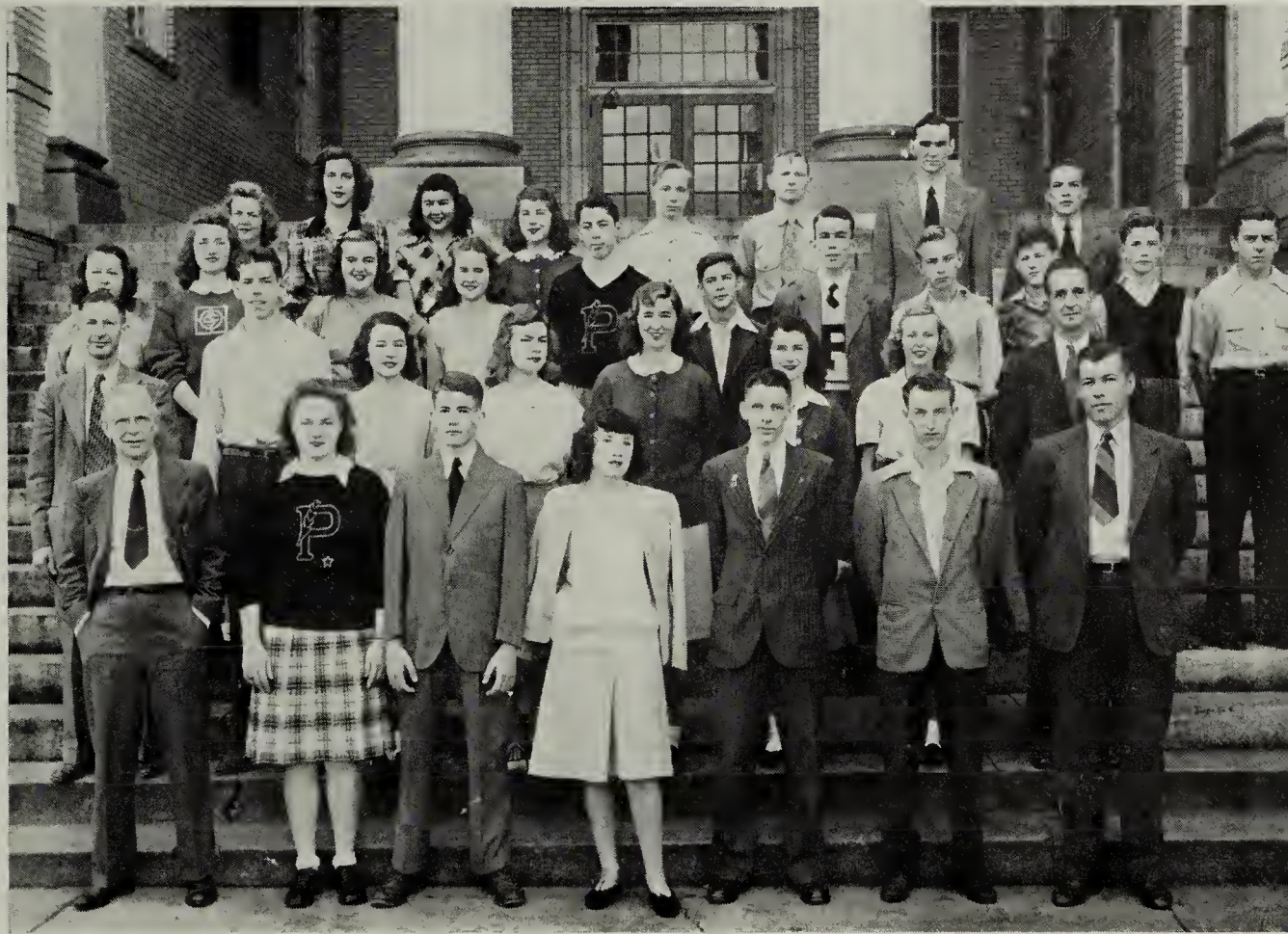
VETERAN TEACHERS

Sixth Row

Charles Guthrie
Arthur Brown
Frank Bowers

A. W. Lloyd
B. F. Alexander
Jack Holt Boger
Horace Knight
Edward Smoot

Missile Staff



Editor-in-Chief ANITA MERSEL
Business Manager SHEP RUSSELL
Circulation Manager SHERWOOD CHURN
Art Editors CHARLES SHEFFIELD AND EDGAR GILLIAM
Photograph Editor BETTY ALDRIDGE
Faculty Advisers MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.
 MR. E. B. CONGDON, MR. WILLIAM READE, MR. J. W.
 SUTHERLAND.

First Row

Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
 Kathleen Sholes
 Edgar Gilliam
 Anita Mersel
 Shep Russell
 Charles Sheffield
 Mr. E. B. Congdon

Second Row

Mr. William Reade
 Albert Stubblebine
 Patsy Payne
 Kathryn Street
 Rose Varn
 Charlotte Jones
 Virginia Prichard
 Mr. J. W. Sutherland

Third Row

Ernestine Hall
 Lois Smith
 Lena Simmons
 Amanda Smith
 Jack Haire
 Lloyd Brewer
 Gerald Mann
 Thad Redmond
 James Curry
 Billy Gilliam
 Glenn Moore

Fourth Row

Mae Creasy
 Betty Aldridge
 Mary Kevan Lai
 Elaine Jacobs
 Bill Scott
 Billy Jackson
 William Gates
 Earl King



The Monitors

Fall

President EDGAR PARRISH
Vice-President NILES KITCHEN
Secretary BLANCHE COLLETT
Faculty Adviser MR. HOWARD HOLMES

Spring

President SYLVIA SAMMONS
Vice-President MARTHA HINTON
Secretary BLANCHE COLLETT

Starting at Bottom Left of M.

Roy Anderson
 Charlene Burton
 Edward Bracy
 Jeanne O'Donnell
 Claiborne Whitmore
 Jeanne Partin
 Charles Farmer
 Jean Oliver
 Nannette Ramsey
 Niles Kitchen
 Edgar Parrish

Blanche Collett
 John Lewis
 Martha Hinton
 Earl King
 Ann Hardy
 Anita Mersel
 Albert Traylor
 Sylvia Sammons
 Herbert Bowman
 Esther Sammons

Top Middle
 Rudolph Spain

*Glee
Club*



Faculty Adviser MISS SHIRLEY HARRIS

First Row

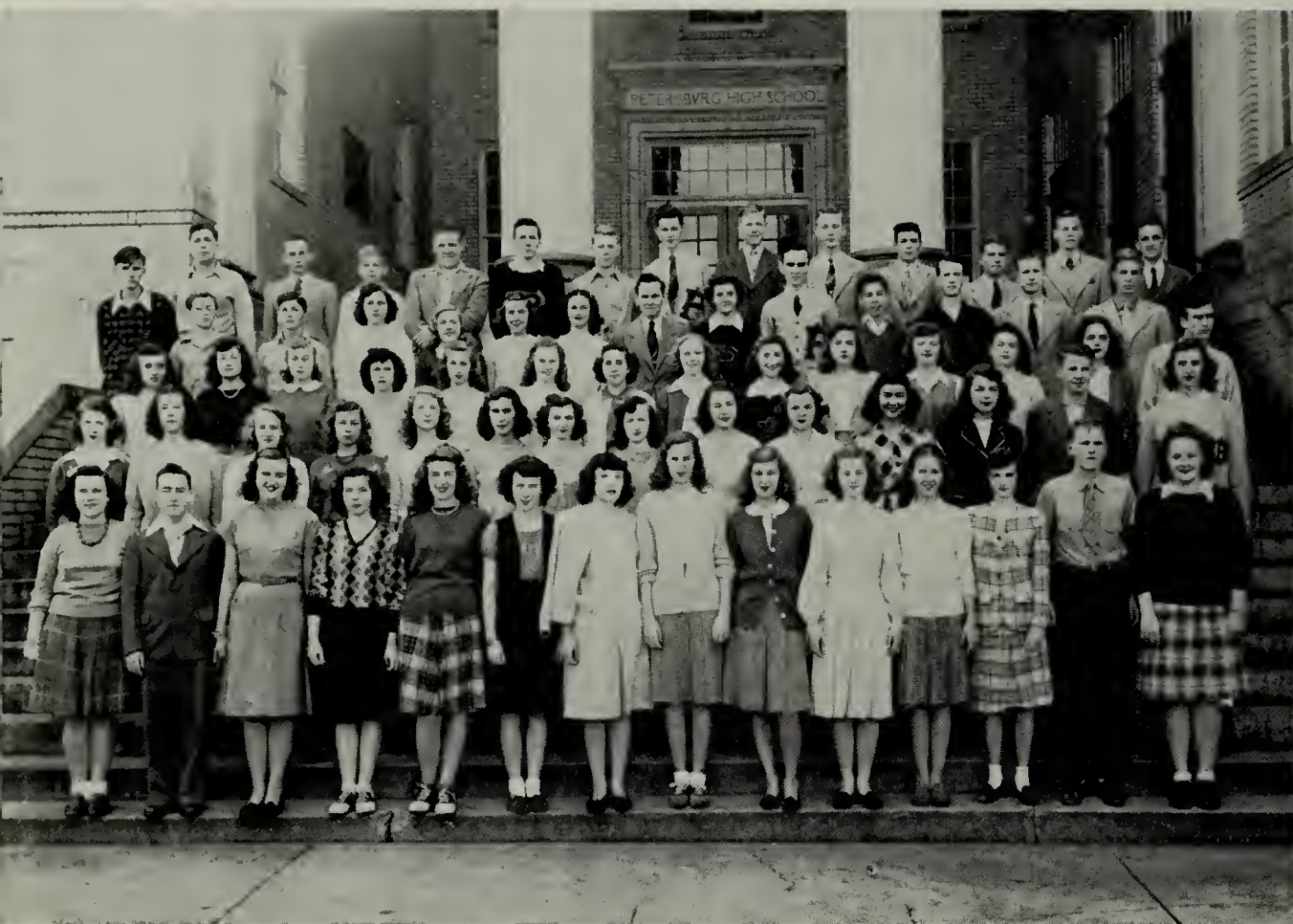
Nancy Butler
Emma Jane Rae
June Hamm
Betty Bullock
Emma Brown
Evelyn Howerton
Jean Crumpler
Patricia Miles
Marie Golom
Murray Hausner
William Gates
Stephen Hite
Robert Lee
Howard Lum
Betty Stegar
Joyce Westmoreland
Jeanne Partin
Charlene Burton
Norma Vaughan
Dorothy Magee
Mary Ann Whitten
Dolores Daly
Billie Dee Nevetral

Second Row

Emma Jean Edwards
Joyce Orcutt
Barbara Samuel's
Jean Tarter
Dorothy Anderson
Jean Padera
Ramona Rhoades
David Payne
Joe Lyman
Nathan Achstein
Nancy Ford
Doris Rudy
Barbara Bridger
Barbara Staples
Jean Price

Third Row

Janice Lawton
John Lewis
Herbert Webb
Preston Picardat
Edgar Parrish
Ben Temple
Eldon Kitchen
Jeryl Fink
Robert Lubman
Earl Fowlkes
Charles Malbon
Eric Lee
William Kirkland
Bernard Williams
Miss Shirley Harris



Masque and Gavel Society

President ANITA MERSEL
Vice-President WALTER BURGE
Secretary BETTY BENNISON
Treasurer ANNA BLAND
Faculty Adviser MR. JACK BOGER

First Row
 Billie Dee Nevetral
 Leland Short
 Lena Simmons
 Barbara Bailey
 Geraldine Burnette
 Betty Bennison
 Anita Mersel
 Anna Bland
 Betty Jane Steger
 Patricia Abbott
 Nancy Dalton
 Helen Thacker
 William Jackson
 Kathleen Sholes

Second Row
 Jacqueline Reese
 Barbara Bridger
 Gloria Fenderson
 Evelyn Skelton
 Ramona Rhoades
 Evelyn Howerton
 Harriet Struminger
 Phyllis Thayer
 Patsy Payne
 Catherine Whittle
 Mary Kevan Lai
 Page Heath
 Bobby Clark
 Louise Perkinson

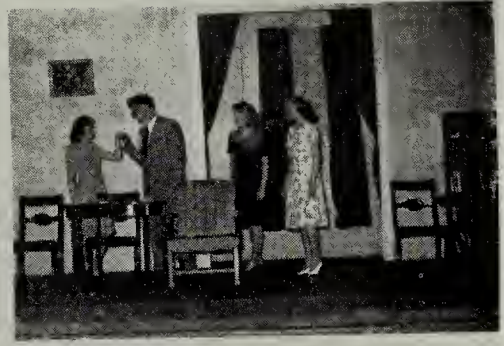
Third Row
 Marguerite Hubbard
 Emice Lanier
 Charlene Gordon
 Frances White
 Dorothy Magee
 Jean Cotten
 Jean Vaughan
 Elizabeth Spain
 Pattie Ruth Lewis
 Jean Crumpler
 Patricia Miles
 Jean Tarter
 Joyce Hamner
 Ben Temple

Fourth Row
 George Percival
 William Peebles
 John Lewis
 Annie Ruth Payne
 Elizabeth Sexton
 Evelyn Ruzicka
 Jean Sanderson
 Bobby Gates
 Coraleen Dail
 William Gates
 William Young
 Rae Nobles
 James Boyd
 John Sullivan

Fifth Row
 Murray Hansner
 George Martin
 Gordon Winfield
 Howard Lum
 Jimmy Ryan
 Billy Talley
 Drewry Beasley
 Robert Blankenship
 Stephen Hite
 Allen Edwards
 Eldred Elmore
 Eric Lee
 Mr. Jack Boger



The Whole Town's Talking



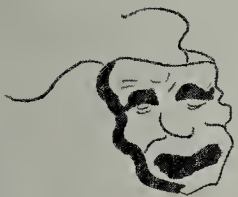
Masque and



Gavel Society



Suspect



P.H.S.
1947





History Club

President FEIGH HART
Vice-President ELINOR KELLOGG
Secretary NICHOLAS DANIELS
Treasurer JOHN LEWIS
Faculty Adviser MR. FRANK BOWERS

<i>First Row</i>	<i>Third Row</i>	<i>Fourth Row</i>	<i>Fifth Row</i>
Mr. Frank Bowers	Eldon Kitchen	John Bennett	Nick Daniels
	Roy Lee Stone	Maclin Ferrell	Dolores Daly
<i>Second Row</i>	Peggy Driggers	Kathleen Sholes	Marie Golom
Mary Anne Whitten	Robert Birdsong	Betty Aldridge	Caroline Cunningham
Frances Allen	Ronald Ledas	Dolores Bone	Barbara Samuels
Earl King	Betty Lou Hall	Emmalaine Williams	Jean Cotten
Gayle Beville	Barbara Harding	Barbara Horstman	Honore Parker
Jimmy Ryan	Sylvia Sammons	Louise Kofron	William Young
Bobby Quicke	Hermeyne Struminger	Feigh Hart	Arthur Davis
Bobby McElroy	Edith Moody	William McClung	Daniel Parker
Peggy Cogle	Betty Jane Stegar	John Lewis	Frank Perkins
Marjorie Andrews	Rose Frost	Irving Bowman	Robert Blankenship
Barbara Willis	Nancy Dalton	Jean Baugh	Jimmy Blankenship
Joyce Ann Cain	Anabel Reese	Elsie Dunnivant	Marcia Elliott
Marceline Hawkins	Nan Evans	Patricia Abbott	
Barbara Bailey	Frances Reese	Frank Humphlett	<i>Sixth Row</i>
Geraldine Burnette	Leland Short	George Percival	Liebert Hawkins
Juanita Hopkins	Billy Talley		Ann Hardy
Nancy Tilghman			Richard Bentz
Dolores Jeffries			Jimmy Boyd
Ann Williams			George Batchelder
Mary Kevan Lai			Louise Bone
Elinor Kellogg			Barbara Hatchell
Nell Washer			Bobby Andrews
			Jerry Evans
			Billy Willis
			John Dyson
			Jack Scott
			Bobby Prince
			Bobby Stewart

Commercial Club



President KATHLEEN SHOLES
Vice-President NORMA VAUGHAN
Secretary ANITA STEWART
Treasurer GERALD MANN
Faculty Adviser MISS JANIE LEE REYNOLDS
Committee Chairmen CHARLENE GORDON, CHARLENE
 BURTON, CORALEEN DAIL, MARIE GOLOM, JOYCE HAM-
 NER, NANCY THOMPSON.

First Row (Left to Right)

Norma Vaughan
 Gerald Mann
 Kathleen Sholes

Second Row

Charlene Gordon
 Charlene Burton
 Coraleen Dail
 Marie Golom
 Joyce Hamner

Third Row

Miss Courtney Allen
 Miss Janie Lee Reynolds

Fourth Row

Shirley Perkinson
 Dolores Daly
 Doris Rudy
 Marian Orrell
 Anita Lee
 Evelyn Crowder
 Mae Creasy
 Willie Lou Grant
 Helen Andrews
 Charles Harrington
 Allen Edwards
 Rudolph Spain
 Edgar Parrish
 George Brockwell
 Billy Marshall
 Jeanne O'Donnell
 Phyllis Thayer
 Irene Leigh
 Eunice Lanier
 Sarah Aldridge
 Edith Wright
 Anne Smith
 Mary Edna Harris



Home Economics Club

President MARTHA HINTON
Vice-President DORIS POND
Secretary JEAN CRUMPLER
Treasurer MARY ANN WHITTEN
Historian PATRICIA MILES
Sergeant-at-Arms ROSE HOGWOOD
Faculty Advisers MISS MARY BAILEY, MRS. SUE LEFTWICH

First Row
 Elizabeth Dozier
 Barbara Andrews
 Daire Hundley
 Martha Hinton
 Doris Pond
 Patricia Miles
 Frances Minetree
 Jean Crumpler

Second Row
 Page Heath
 Ann Pond
 Esther Sammons
 Dorothy Magee
 Nancy Ford
 Zelma Vaughan
 Doris Palmer
 Dorothy Lafoon
 Betty Stegar

Third Row
 Jewell Pillow
 Anne Temple
 Cherry Moore
 Mary Hall
 Anne Blankenship
 Helen Watts
 Helen Taylor
 Leona Royster
 Jean Tarter

Fourth Row
 Miss Mary Bailey
 Rose Hogwood
 Inez Temple
 Barbara Williamson
 Helen Jones
 Lois Jennings
 Joanne Harris
 Mrs. Sue Leftwich

Bible Club



President SHEP RUSSELL
Vice-President AMANDA SMITH
Secretary BETTY ALDRIDGE
Treasurer FRANK SEANA
Faculty Advisers MISS COURTNEY ALLEN,
 MR. CHARLES GUTHRIE

First Row

Willis Bain
 Dolores Daly
 Emmalaine Williams
 Frank Seana
 Betty Aldridge
 Shep Russell
 Amanda Smith
 Sylvia Sammons
 Barbara Harding

Second Row

Ann Hardy
 Coraleen Dail
 Delores Bone
 Louise Kofron
 Joyce Ann Cain
 Peggy Cogie
 Helen Watts
 Helen Jones
 Barbara Willis
 Nelda Butler

Third Row

Barbara Hatchell
 Louise Bone
 Edith Wright
 Leland Short
 Nancy Thompson
 Anita Stewart
 Betty Lou Hall
 Betty Stegar
 Kathleen Sholes
 Gerald Mann
 Rose Varn

Fourth Row

Barbara Samuels
 Anne Doak
 Ernestine Hall
 Anne Ennis
 Evelyn Crowder
 Marguerite Hubbard
 Davis Wyatt
 John Andrews
 Earl Fowlkes

Fifth Row

Jeanne Partin
 Annie Ruth Payne
 Anne Parrish
 Joan Hawkins
 Don Merrill
 Douglas Rawlings
 Jean Ivey
 Patsy Payne
 Martha Woods
 Page Heath

Sixth Row

Honore Parker
 Jean Cotten
 Bobby Quicke
 Maclin Ferrell
 Bobby McElroy



*to read name in jail
and in jail
Betty.*

Art Club

President WILLIAM JACKSON
 Vice-President CHARLES SHEFFIELD
 Secretary MARY KEVAN LAI
 Treasurer LELAND SHORT

<i>First Row (Top to bottom)</i>	<i>Second Row</i>
Rose Varn	Edgar Gilliam
Howard Brooks	Murray Hausner
Carol Cawthon	Page Heath
Jean Sanderson	Kathleen Sho'es
Barbara Pittman	Helen Foussekis
Leland Short	Harriet Struminger
Mary Kevan Lai	Evelyn Howerton
	Janice Lawton
	Charles Sheffield
	William Jackson

Third Row

David Levenson
 Elgin Campbell
 Earl Fowlkes
 Howard Lum
 Anita Mersel
 Elaine Jacobs
 Peggy Cogle
 Betty McGill

Distributors'
Club



Fall

<i>President</i>	ELDRED ELMORE
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY WHITEHURST
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	BETTY BARFIELD
<i>Editor Promotion Manager</i>	NANCY COTTEN
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS JO KEETER

Spring

<i>President</i>	BETTY BARFIELD
<i>Vice-President</i>	NANCY COTTEN
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ROSE HOGWOOD
<i>Editor Promotion Manager</i>	ELOISE PERKINSON

First Row

Clarence Haire
Eloise Perkinson
Eldred Elmore
Rose Hogwood

Standing

Miss Jo Keeter
Ralph Cates
Ruby Doyle
Nancy Cotten
Dorothy Whitehurst
Betty Barfield



Stage Crew

Manager ELDRED ELMORE
Faculty Adviser MR. HOWARD HOLMES

First Row (Seated)
 Eldred Elmore
 Bobby Gates
 Drewry Beasley

Second Row (Seated)
 John Sullivan
 Allen Edwards
 Eric Lee

First Row (Standing)
 William Gates
 Stephen Hite

Seated Above
 George Martin
 Robert Blankenship
 Mr. Howard Holmes

**Square
Circle
Club**



Fall

President MARY KEVAN LAI
 Vice-President CHARLOTTE JONES
 Secretary-Treasurer JEAN GRIGG
 Faculty Adviser MISS MARY MOSELEY

Spring

President JEAN GRIGG
 Vice-President CHARLOTTE JONES
 Secretary-Treasurer FEIGH HART

First Row (Left to Right)

Jean Grigg
 Mary Kevan Lai
 Charlotte Jones

Second Row

Feigh Hart
 Nan Jones
 Anabell Reese
 Frances Reese
 Elinor Kellogg
 Anne Doak
 Anne Williams
 Anna Bland
 Janice Lawton

Third Row

Miss Mary Moseley
 Lois Smith
 Rose Varn
 Betty Ralston
 Catherine Whittle
 Page Heath
 Louise Perkinson

*Loads of love
to a wonderful girl!
Jean*

**Goober
Pep Club**



*Its bzzn loads
of fun being
a Tru-Hi-H
sister with
you.
Love,
Anne*

Fall

President ANN ROGERS
Vice-President VIRGINIA PRICHARD
Secretary JEAN PHIBBS
Treasurer JEAN BAXTER
Faculty Adviser MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

*Will miss you with
you. The school will
certainly be lonesome.
Here's hoping
we all get
together some
time. Love,
Jean*

Spring

President VIRGINIA PRICHARD
Vice-President EMMA JEAN CAMPBELL
Secretary PEGGY LOU MCBRIDE
Treasurer JEAN BAXTER

First Row (Top to Bottom) Second Row

Emma Jean Campbell
Patsy Kirkland
Jean Wallace
Jean Phibbs
Ann Rogers

Marcia Elliott
Ernestine Hall
Nancy Dalton
Kathryn Street
Virginia Prichard
Lena Hickson
Jean Baxter

Third Row

Nan Evans
Martha Hinton
Helen Thacker
Peggy Lou McBride
Betsy Booth
Miss Ann Van Landingham



Tri-Hi-Y Club

Fall

President	NAN JONES
Vice-President	LILLIE HARRISON
Secretary	CHARLOTTE JONES
Treasurer	MARY KEVAN LAI
Faculty Adviser	MISS HELEN WILSON

Spring

President	ROSE VARN
Vice-President	LILLIE HARRISON
Secretary	MILDRED JOHNSON
Treasurer	BETTY RALSTON

First Row

Nan Jones

Second Row

Charlotte Jones
Lillie Harrison
Mary Kevan Lai

Third Row

Joy Vaughan
Blanche Collett
Jean Oliver
Nannette Ramsey
Betty Ralston

Fourth Row

Betsy Booth
Jean Phibbs
Sally Woods
Mildred Johnson
Nancy Jennings
Shirley Starnes
Martha Hinton

Fifth Row

Jean Grigg
Miss Helen Wilson
Martha Woods
Louise Perkinson
Rose Varn
Adelia Williams
Jean Baxter
Ann Rogers

I can't wait till
miss you next
year but I'll be a
thinking of you
come you loads.

Good
start but I'm
gonna miss
you something
terrible! Write
Betsy!
one sweet thing!

Love you
Miss, but yours
well,
Love you,

Love
you
Miss

The Band



Fall

President MORRIS BROOKS
Student Director JOE LYMAN
Director MR. RALPH STRONACH
Section Leaders JEAN GRIGG, CHARLES MABON,
 ALFRED WOODY, HOWARD LUM, RAE NOBLES, JOHN
 LEWIS, EDWIN TENCH, GAYLE BEVILLE.

Spring

Student Director CHARLES MABON

First Row

Gloria Fenderson
 Edwin Tench
 Joe Felts
 Elsie Duncavant
 Carlton Inge

Second Row

Frank Perkins
 William Haskins

Third Row

Jean Grigg
 Ann Tunstall

Fourth Row

Charles Mabon
 Jacqueline Reese

Fifth Row

Peggy Bishop
 Joyce Bolte
 Eugene Atkinson
 Anne Ennis

Wallace Pritchett

Lola Vaughan
 James Mears
 Betty Kidd
 Barbara Newson
 Nancy Evans
 Lewis Earl Phelps
 Donald Lee
 Wilma Young
 Joe Mersei
 Ralph Mayton
 Margaret Hargrave

Sixth Row

Phil Kirkpatrick
 Robert Berry

Seventh Row

Gayle Beville
 Earl King

Eighth Row

Edgar Hogwood
 Ronald Mann

Ninth Row

Bill Hutto
 James Grigg

Tenth Row

Harold Couch
 Morris Brooks

Eleventh Row

Rae Nobles
 Robert Jolly
 Earl Fowlkes
 John Lewis
 Barbara Harding
 Pattie Ruth Lewis
 Howard Lum
 Howard Brooks
 Joe Lyman
 Allen Nugent
 Albert Traylor
 Vincent Zappulla
 Betty Jane Stegar
 Alfred Woody
 David Klingaman

Didn't we have
a wonderful time? I wish we could
do it again!!

All my love
to one by this
last looking
gals at high
school - didn't
we have fun?
Betsy

Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader LILLIE HARRISON
Faculty Adviser MISS MARY BAILEY

First Row (Left to Right)

Roy Anderson
Martha Hinton
Lillie Harrison
Joy Vaughan
Jimmy Ryan

Second Row

Nannette Ramsey
Alvin Porter
Sally Woods
Victor Parks
Jean Oliver

Third Row

Alice Grey Kroll
Ann Rogers
Betsy Booth

Fourth Row

Miss Mary Bailey

Had a good time didn't we?
Gimmie Ryan

When Betsy
called contest
looked like
led 3 in
and miss you
Be good Betsy
love you loads
Lillie

Oh time
time again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

to the
again
every day

*Athletic Girls'
Monogram
Club*



Fall

President JEANETTE CAUDLE
Vice-President NELL WASHER
Secretary SYLVIA SAMMONS
Treasurer LUCY BIRDSONG
Faculty Adviser MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

Spring

President MARGARET HARGRAVE
Vice-President SYLVIA SAMMONS
Secretary PHYLLIS POND
Treasurer BARBARA PULLEY

First Row

Jeanette Caudle
 Lucy Birdsong
 Nell Washer
 Sylvia Sammons
 Miss Ann Van Landingham

Second Row

Adelia Williams
 Margaret Hargrave

Third Row

Nannette Ramsey
 Joy Vaughan
 Barbara Pulley
 Shirley Perkinson
 Marjorie Gibbs

Fourth Row

Barbara Crowder
 Rebecca Porter
 Martha Hinton

Fifth Row

Jeanne O'Donnell
 Betsy Talbott
 Jean Oliver

Sixth Row

Lillie Harrison
 Louise Perkinson
 Sally Woods
 Phyllis Pond
 Anna Bland



*Activities Girls'
Monogram
Club*

President DELORES THOMPSON
Vice-President BARBARA SHAPIRO
Secretary PATTIE RUTH LEWIS
Treasurer ARLENE ELEY
Faculty Adviser MISS JO KEETER

First Row

Anne Porter
 Nancy Thompson
 Anita Stewart
 Betty Jane Stegar

Second Row

Sylvia Sammons
 Juanita Hopkins
 Nancy Crumpler
 Evelyn Howerton
 Harriet Struminger

Third Row

Emmalaine Williams
 Charleen Gordon
 Pattie Ruth Lewis
 Delores Thompson
 Esther Sammons
 Feigh Hart

Fourth Row

Kathleen Sholes
 Barbara Shapiro
 Elaine Jacobs
 Jean Grigg
 Mary Kevan Lai
 Coraleen Dail
 Miss Jo Keeter

Fifth Row

Rose Varn
 Blanche Collett
 Jean Oliver
 Martha Hinton
 Betty McGill
 Nannette Ramsey



Varsity Club

President BILL STEVENS
Vice-President WILLIAM ROBERTSON
Secretary-Treasurer HOWARD EANES
Faculty Adviser MR. EDWARD MOTLEY

First Row

Mr. Edward Motley

Second Row

William Robertson
Bill Stevens

Third Row

Richard Bentz
Frank Scott
Howard Eanes

Fourth Row

Donald Jacobs
Jimmy Vest
Charles Willis
Niles Kitchen

Fifth Row

Paul Webb
James Smith
Larry DeSouza
Bobby McElroy

Sixth Row

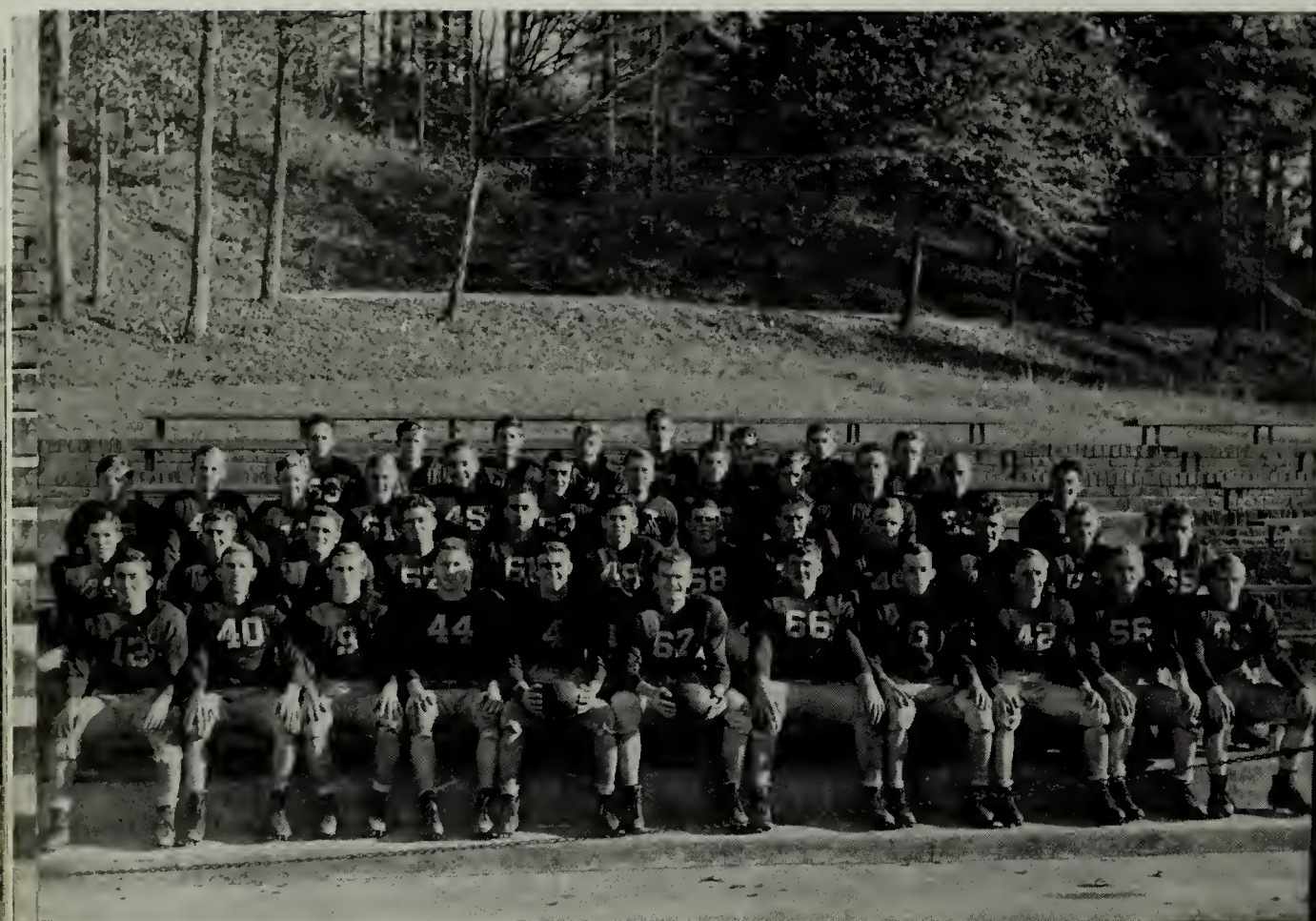
Gerald Mann
Walter Burge
Harry Taylor
Nick Danie's

Seventh Row

Robert Simmons
Richard Halbert
Alton Kersey
Gerald Frampton

Eighth Row

Jimmy Traylor
Billy Marshall
Edward Halbert
Charles Lanier



*Football
Team*

Co-Captains PAUL WEBB AND JIMMY SMITH
Coaches MR. R. C. DAY, MR. EDWARD MOTLEY,
 MR. BOB KILBOURNE

First Row

Jimmy Vest
 Charlie Willis
 Bill Stevens
 Jack Kodrich
 Paul Webb
 Jimmy Smith
 Charles Lanier
 William Robertson
 Niles Kitchen
 William Cizek
 Richard Halbert

Second Row

Robert Simmons
 Donald Jacobs
 Walter Burge
 Percy Perkinson
 Gene Barlow
 Bert Stubblebine
 Gerald Evans
 Eldon Kitchen
 Russell Clements
 Bobby McElroy
 Edward Halbert
 Liebert Hawkins

Third Row

Robert Spivey
 Preston Picardat
 Jimmy Blankenship
 Robert Talbott
 Nick Daniels
 Walter Barnes
 Billy Talley
 Harry Taylor
 Clay King
 Willis Bain
 Claiborne Whitmore
 Robert Davis

Fourth Row

Larry DeSouza
 Gilbert Ridout
 Edward Bracy
 Horace Mann
 Leo Allen
 Jimmy Traylor
 Tom Moore
 Edward Durand

Best of luck
to a real swell
gal. yours always
Best

Basketball Team



Captain PAUL WEBB
Coach MR. BOB KILBOURNE

First Row

Bill Stevens
Charlie Willis
Paul Webb
Jimmy Smith
Gerald Frampton

How my old girl
friend.

Second Row

Billy Marshall
Roy Stone
Bert Stubblebine
Hubert Shiner
Jack Haire

Smithy

Third Row

James Scott
Alton Kersey



*Hockey
Team*

Co-Captains NELL WASHER, SYLVIA SAMMONS
Co-Managers.....BETTY LOU MILLAR, JEANETTE CAUDLE
Coach MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

First Row

June Tucker
 Frances Reese
 Martha Traylor
 Jean Padera
 Norma Vaughan
 Nell Washer
 Sylvia Sammons
 Jean O'Donnell
 Phyllis Pond
 Barbara Pulley
 Arlene Eley
 Marjorie Gibbs

Second Row

Mickey Barfield
 Rebecca Porter
 Marjorie Costello
 Ann Parrish
 Julia Birdsong
 Clara Mac Rosser
 Elinor Kellogg
 Marjorie Andrews
 Carolyn Lyons
 Marcia Elliott
 Mary Lou Moorman

Third Row

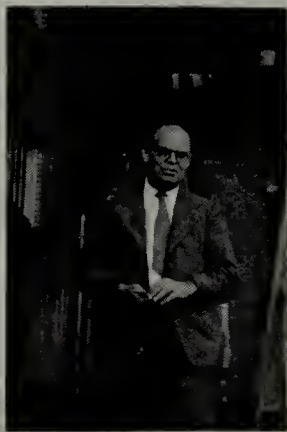
Betty Lou Millar
 Nancy Wood
 Louise Smelley
 Dorothea Orndoff
 Jeanie Partin
 Louise Perkinson
 Barbara Bridger
 Ann Williams
 Elizabeth Jones
 Jeanette Caudle

<i>First Row</i>	<i>Second Row</i>
Barbara Pulley	Ann Brockwell
Margaret Hargrave	Julia Birdsong
Louise Perkinson	Patsy Kirkland
Jeanette Caudle	Dorothea Orndoff
Anna Bland	Frances Reese
Phyllis Pond	
Betsy Talbott	<i>Third Row</i>
	Mary Moorman
	Caroline Lyons
	Elinor Kellogg
	Miss Ann Van Landingham

believe it or not



AND WE WON TOO!



YARDBIRD



ON YOUR GUARD!


etersburg

Hi



STOP HUGGING THAT GATE - STRATFORD'S BEHINDYE!



FLORIDA SCENERY?!


Hi Lives



PARSON BROWN AND THE MISSUS



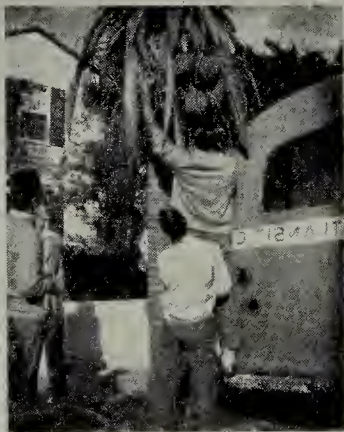
SWEET AND LOVELY!



GIVE US THE SIMPLE LIFE!!



SMOOTH!



YOU NAME 'EM-WE'LL FEED 'EM



TOUCH DOWN CRIMSON!

Hi Petersburg



HARDWOOD-HERE I COME!



LYNCHBURG MIGRATION HOLD YOUR HEAD!

Hi Lites



AH! BLISS!



CHEESECAKE

AUTOGRAPHS

Dear Jean,
 I hope you will
 find all the luck,
 & happiness in the
 world. I believe you
 kept a year. Loads
 of love. Love you, Jean.
 J. J. J.

Miss Agnes
 for good and
 remember me!
 J. J. J.

Best of luck
 & sweetest
 Always remember
 "Sonny" Churn

Hi Baby,
 Yally Jean don't ever forget the good times
 we've had. At the beach, Scotland and round
 town. I'll be missing you a lot next year.
 But will still have fun. All my love & stuff
 to me & the sweetest gal I know.

Love you,
 For

Dear Jean,

See, but this has
 been one good year!!!
 I'll never forget the
 good times we have
 had this year!! (Beach,
 Dr. Beach, etc.) Jean,
 I'll always love you
 for being so nice to
 me and listening to
 all my love troubles!
 but you really got me
 straight!! Thanks a million!
 I can't wait for all
 of us to get up. I am
 we really are going
 to have a big time.

Here's to a grand gal,
 Nannette

Best of luck to
 a sweet in cat gal.
 Jimmy
 J. J. J.

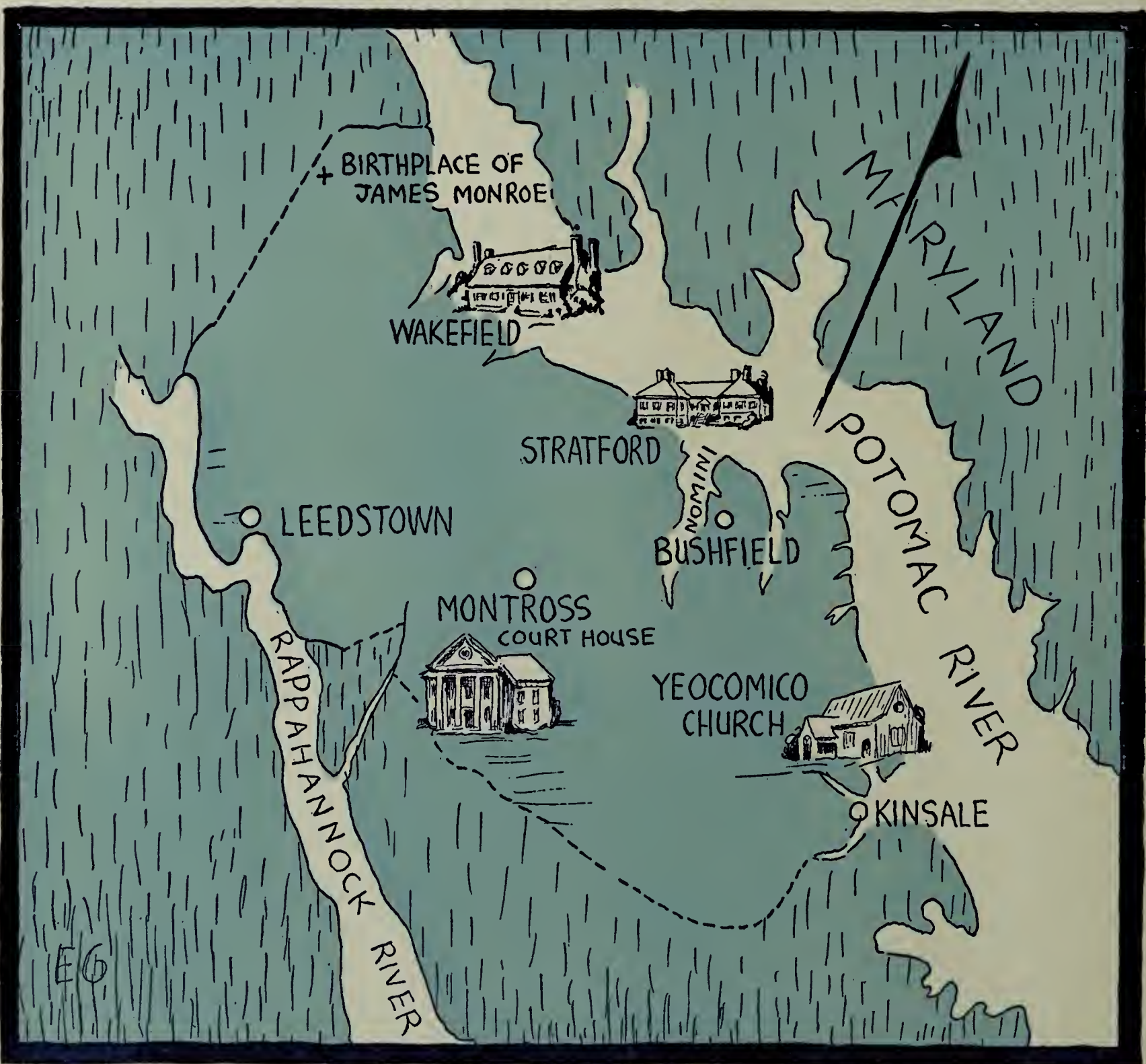
Dear Jean,
 I hope that after we
 graduate (if we do) we still will
 have some wonderful times like
 we have had.
 Don't ever forget me.
 Love
 Shakes

The best of luck to
 a sweet in cat gal.
 Charlie Colvard

Magazine Section

1 9 4 7

WESTMORELAND COUNTY



THE ATHENS OF AMERICA

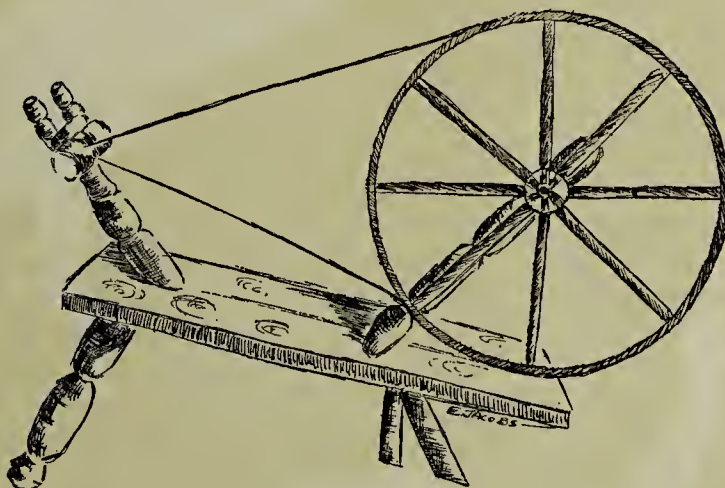


Athens of Virginia

By ANITA MERSEL



HERE is something about seeing the dawn on a Saturday morn that both attracts and repels the urban-bred; nevertheless, something caused our troop of weary souls to delight in the feverish kiss of sweet slumber as our destination, Westmoreland County looming in the distance, awaited us.



As the early morning fog lifted from the overhanging atmosphere and from our sleep-dulled minds, we chanced to view the panorama of rye-encrusted fields, isolated yet intensely sociable country stores, and homes smacking of early American flavor, belonging to Westmoreland County, that tiny yet significant section of Tidewater Virginia, in which the coming of a new nation was heralded by the resounding axes of the English settlers. Carved out of the upper section of Northumberland in 1653, this, the "Athens of Virginia", has produced as remarkable an array of geniuses as ever settled in any like area. Here were the Washingtons, the Monroes, the Lees.

The sun was striving to reach its elevated throne as after much inquiry of

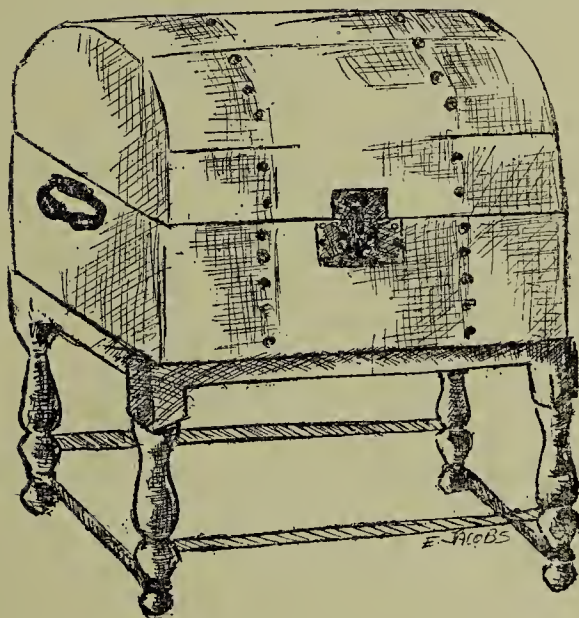
the overall-garbed townsfolk, our now eager band disembarked onto the good earth (a sure cure for the car sick) to revel at the sight of one of the oldest churches in America and possessor of a tradition made illustrious by persons renowned in American annals. Its name?—Oh yes, Yeocomico Church. To shiver at its bleakness would be proper, but to feel humble at its age and strength is the predominating reaction. According to legend, George Washington, an infant heedless of his brilliant future, was baptized at the font, an adornment of this cross-shaped edifice, erected in 1655 and later relieved of its decay in 1706. Someone played an organ, and as the rich notes swayed and rose to the rafters, hoop-skirted, lace-gloved gentlewomen and their waistcoated husbands talked among themselves as one by one they filed down the narrow aisle to their designated pews and with looks of solemn reverence opened their family prayer books. In the manner of the traveltalks reporter, "with this we take leave of romantic, colonial Yeocomico Church."

The first pangs of hunger set in like a fog.

Ulp! What a bumpy road, but at its end was promised the Great House, a colonial showplace, having belonged to the Bailey family for over five generations. The current possessor, charming Mrs. Robert Murphy Bailey, Jr., having been gracious enough to relate beforehand its history to a privileged few, who in turn passed on the acquired knowledge in the manner of paid guides to the masses, our little procession braved the bumpy path, tumbled out of the cars, and gazed. Truly we had accidentally stepped into a story book! Yes, for high on a traditionally story book bluff overlooking the emerald green, reposeful waters of the Potomac and its wooded banks, stands the noble home, now undergoing repairs, but not without the spirit of other-worldliness. It is not hard to believe that a hallowed air also graces the place, for in its deep cove a gallant fight of the War of 1812 was waged and its slain hero, Ensign James Sigourney, won his place in history. His body is interred in the ivy-clustered family burial ground and further honored by a beacon light in the dormer windows of the great house to guide oncoming mariners.

The sun, after its exhausting climb, having obtained the ethereal crest, was frolicking mockingly with our hair as we, now famine-struck, all but shouted for joy at the sign of civilization and a drug store! Our enlightened eyes fell secondly upon the quaintness of this diminutive community, Montross, and its principal attraction, the old courthouse. This proud lady had due cause to hold her head high to our gazing troop, for history did not ride past her red-bricked outer-covering. Here on June 22, 1774 resolutions of Richard Henry Lee offering aid to Boston, whose port had been closed by the British government were adopted; here on May 23, 1775 the Westmoreland committee of safety passed resolutions denouncing the royal governor, Lord Dunmore, for seizing the colonial powder

supply at Williamsburg; here in 1935 Westmoreland's object d' art, a Peale portrait of the Earl of Chatham, was presented to the gentlemen of Westmore-



land by a member of England's House of Lords; and here on Feb. 15, 1947 the exhausted "Missile" staff satisfied their grumbling tape-worms much to the amusement and amazement of the curious onlookers.

The resolutions adopted at Montross Courthouse called to mind another set of perhaps more significance. A few miles from Montross where the Rappahannock River is narrowest there is a landing against the north shore. This is Leedstown, nothing for eyesight now, but it had its shining hour, for at one time Leedstown was specified as one of the large towns of Virginia. From its wharves a busy trade with the

mother country was carried on. The history-making event here occurred in February of 1766 when a group of one hundred and fifteen noted Westmoreland gentlemen assembled at the risk of imposed penalties for treason to sign a set of resolutions, in which appeared the germ of the Declaration of Independence, which two of this assembly, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, later signed in Philadelphia.

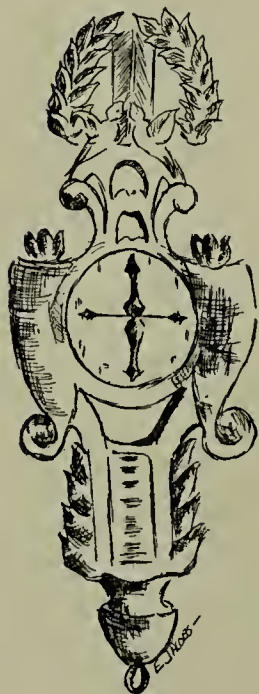
We were out in the open country again, some of us munching on apples when our eyes were confronted by a strikingly unmodern house, built in the shape of an H and dominated by clusters of chimneys. This was the famed Stratford Hall, home of the Lees. The individuality of the house and the rolling acres overlooking the Potomac have a truly cosmopolitan air about them, and the brick-floored kitchen with its copperware and ancient household implements, the boxwood garden, the furnishings, which are not originals and are part of the restoration, lend the colonial atmosphere. Built over two hundred years ago by Thomas Lee, grandson of Richard Lee, who settled on Dividing Creek and planted in Virginia the renowned name of Lee, the house in its present state contains only three of the original pieces of furniture. Standing in the sunny mother's room, one cannot help but succumb to the spirit that hovers over the room in which six of Virginia's gallant sons came into the world, all destined to make America's history—Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot, signers of the Declaration of Independence; William, Arthur, Thomas Ludwell and Robert E. Lee, son of the brilliant strategist, General Light Horse Harry. One last fond

look and we were off as the sun was slowly beginning its cascade.

Only a few miles from Stratford Hall there is a spot that never fails to inspire and interest the visitor, for it once held the foundations of Monrovia, birthplace of James Monroe, the famed president and author of the Monroe Doctrine. The site and acres have been recently acquired with a view to restoration.

Our now weary bones were not in the least refreshed by the flat, monotonous countryside and the droning of the cars' motors, but all of a sudden the motors stopped. It was no longer dull, uncultivated land, but a vista of lawn, trees, water, a spot of serene and noble beauty, Wakefield, birthplace of the father of our country. It is often said that simplicity and greatness go hand in hand. Upon looking at Wakefield, I felt that this statement is justified, for the sacred memorial is indeed simple enough with its brick story and a half, pierced by narrow dormer windows. This fitting memorial stands not as George Washington knew it, for the original Wakefield was burned and became a dead house save for the remaining foundations, which recently rose to probably not less handsome heights. The furnishings, even though only one table is original, are typical of that period and reveal simple taste so unlike the glamor of Stratford Hall.

It must have been rapture for the boy George to romp in the cool haven of the cedar grove, to sit on the banks of adjoining Pope's Creek and watch the ducks and geese, safe in their own haven. Many of us were all but glued to the spot, but old faithful Sol, overflowing with voluptuous colors, reminded us that we had only time for one peek at the family burial ground before we started on the long trek homeward.—Home, what a beautiful word!



At the end of a narrow path, shaded by stately cedars, and beyond an iron-wrought gate, the serene burial ground lay full shadowed and sequestered. Here among others are interred the remains of Col. John Washington, the English immigrant, who, as a young man engaged in the shipping business, dropped anchor at the first wharf in Westmoreland County and decided to remain, and Augustine Washington, the father of George, together with his first wife, Jane Butler. What could be more fitting at day's end than to pay silent tribute to the "grandfathers of our country"?

The motors were droning on once more, the countryside was becoming less picturesque. . . . With my memory of Westmoreland County, my notebook crammed with notes, my mind was firmly convinced that "every foot of the soil is sacred. Every square mile is worthy of a monument, commemorative of the fine spirits who here came, here dwelt and here wrought and produced so well".

Treasure Trove

By EVELYN HOWERTON

MY WORLD

*Out of God's kingdom to life it fell,
Though not all beauty, nor music, nor mirth,
Yet for some it's a heaven, for others—a hell.
'Tis the world that I live in, my God's own fair
earth.*

*God offers happiness, mine if I'll take it,
But some may find hardship, sorrow, and
sadness.
To me, my whole life is just what I make it,
Full of music and ecstasy, glory and gladness.*

*My life is my throne, and the world is my
kingdom.
Each friend is a subject to help in life's way,
And when to the end of my life I shall come,
I shall die being thankful for each happy day.*

A SONG

*A song is like a waterfall,
Or rainbows in the sky,
A tune played on a fairy's lyre,
A white cloud drifting by.*

*A little brook among some rocks,
A bob-white's lonely call,
A smile upon a baby's face,
Or flowers in the fall.*

*I feel a kind of holiness,
As heavenly things unroll.
My heart cries out in ecstasy,
As music fills my soul.*

THE MARSH

*The shadows fell; a dream came to my soul,
I saw my life; each sorrow there was told.
A marshy swamp-land then came to my view,
'Twas as though I tried but faltered passing
through.*

*The hanging trees swayed in the sultry air,
A night bird's cry rang through the silence
there.
Then far off voices caught my listening ears,
Like spirits of the dead from long-gone years.*

*I felt a stifling breeze upon my face,
A sighing wind blown from a distant place.
But dawn approached to pierce the fog forlorn,
And fear would soon be banished by the morn.*

*Then fading was the darkness of the night,
And through the fog, I saw day's glorious light.
I felt the freedom coming to my mind,
Beyond the marsh; my fears were left behind.*

THE MOON

*Majestic moon, immortal might
From heaven's glory gleaming bright
Upon my longing face,
Shed silver beams upon night's mist,
Like sparkling diamonds water kissed.
Earth's darkness soon replace.*

*Your rays, stars' beauty magnify,
Like angel teardrops fallen lie;
On orchid petals gleam,
Bathe trees and flowers in jeweled light,
And leave me not; oh glorious sight!
Live always as a dream!*

Once Upon a Time

By BETTY MCGILL



HE gardens and lawn of Nomini Hall were gaily lighted with lanterns, and the long, winding driveway to the house was filled with the coaches of the illustrious families of the neighborhood, for it was June, 1775, and Councillor Carter was giving another of his fabulous balls, this one in honor of the eighteenth birthday of his daughter Harriet. Invitations to these frequent festivals at the Carter estate were regarded not only as the most desirable of the region, but were looked on by many as almost command performances. To refuse was to commit a *faux pas* not easily erased in Westmoreland County society, and indeed in all of Virginia; seldom, however, if ever, did any of the fortunate decline the most coveted honor of the social season.



Therefore, on this balmy June evening, as on many preceding nights, the house and grounds were filled with laughter and music, as young and old waltzed in the beautiful, gaily decorated ballroom or walked through the gardens, renewing friendships, exchanging news and gossip, and enjoying the moonlight. As always Robert and Anne Carter had outdone themselves.

"Most beautiful ball of the season . . . did you see Jane's ring? . . . such a wonderful night . . . lovely party, isn't it? . . . Why, Anne, it's been simply years . . . I heard that Robert spends fifty thousand on just one of these balls. . . . Look at the Carters' new suite! Beautiful. . . . Let's look at the rose garden. . ."

By eleven o'clock the young people had gathered in their own group to talk, and by one the old people had left. When the ball finally broke up at four, the houseparty of exhausted teen-agers climbed wearily but happily to their sleeping-porch to hold a post-mortem on who had worn what and what everyone had said and wasn't "he" simply divine.

Suddenly the indefatigable Harriet remembered her fan, left in the arbor

when goodbyes were said.

"Come on with me, Betty; it will take but a minute."

"No thanks!" Betty was worn out and had already tumbled into bed, only half ready.

"Then Peg'll come, won't you, sweet? Please, someone go with me."

As no one offered to accompany her, Harriet, always bold and lawless, said defiantly, "Very well then, don't! I can go by myself."

Still no one said anything, though Nancy, her sister, started to protest, then thought better of it, shrugged her shoulders and went back to brushing her hair.

Tiptoeing down the steps Harriet thought to herself of the hundreds of times she and Nancy had sneaked down this very stairway out to the quarters, for Mammy Lou, their nurse, had not neglected any part of her "white folks' edjication", and many a time they had stolen out of the house to attend some meeting of the slaves, or a spiritual singing, for "lil mis' Harr'et" had always been their favorite of all the Carter children in the large family. Her merry disregard for danger, as well as for propriety and discretion, filled them many times with fear. Old Mammy Lou still fell on her knees every time she remembered the day Harriet had fallen into the well and broken her leg and had lain there for four hours, unconscious, in three feet of water. For a week no work had been done, and old Dr. Spottswood had scarcely left her room. Harriet remembered very well hearing the slaves singing her favorite hymn as she regained consciousness; their loyalty had touched her, then as always, by its simplicity and faithfulness.

Now, as she descended the old mahogany steps, she heard the singing from the slave quarters and knew that Mammy Lou would be there, praying and leading the singing on her little girl's birthday. She stood on the porch listening to the songs, her eyes filling with tears as old memories came rushing back. She half-turned, as though to go back upstairs, then resolutely set her shoulders and walked down the steps towards the arbor . . .

"Nancy, will you get away from that mirror? You've been there ever since Harriet left." Peggy was tired, and her temper flared.

"Oh, all right, just a minute," Nancy replied wearily. "By the way, what happened to her?"

"Who?" asked Betty, only half awake.

"Why, Harriet, of course. Who else?"

"Didn't she say she was going out to the arbor?"

"That was half-an-hour ago." Nancy was getting worried, and some of the other girls caught her fear.

"Hey, Nancy, look at this!" her cousin Ellen was holding out a white lace-and-satin fan which she had found under Harriet's pillow.

Nancy stared at the fan, then at her friends, then at the fan again. "What does it mean?" she whispered.

"Now, don't start worrying, Nan. She probably just thought she had left it out there because she couldn't find it." Peg was the oldest of the Carter cousins, and felt her responsibility keenly. "You know how Harriet is. She probably got to thinking out there and forgot the time. If she isn't back in a few minutes, we'll go out and get her. Now, get in bed and try to get some sleep. It's five o'clock!"

As everyone was very tired, they were all soon asleep, but Nancy, worrying about her little sister, woke at six and glanced toward the bed next to her. It had not been slept in!

Her cry of alarm woke several of the girls, and with fear in their hearts they roused Peggy and crept out of the room. Not a word was spoken as seven teenagers stole silently down the stairs, all, by tacit understanding, heading for the arbor.

The sun's rays reached them as they walked out through the garden, but the arbor was dark and gloomy. In spite of the dim light, it took only a minute to ascertain that there was no sign of any one there.

And then Nancy broke down. Her hysterical cries reached the family and woke them, as well as several of the early risers from the quarters. It was a motley crowd which gathered at the little summerhouse, in nightgowns, robes or the first stages of dressing. Fortunately someone had grabbed a light on the way out, and Robert Carter stepped onto the wooden platform and flashed it around. The sharp eyes of old Mammy Lou saw it first: a small piece of paper which had fallen onto the floor and wedged into one of the cracks! With trembling hands Robert handed the note to his wife and bade her read it aloud.

"My dearest ones,

You know I would not hurt you if there were any other way, but I have thought this all out very carefully, and there is nothing else to be done. I am going away with Tom Landrey, whom I love with all my heart. There is no use in your searching for me, for you could not find me and I would not return if you should, for I shall be married today. Perhaps some day you can find it in your hearts to forgive me, and I shall write you soon.

Your devoted daughter,

Harriet."

At the last word, Anne Carter fainted and tenderly Robert carried her into the house and up to bed, where she remained for two weeks under a doctor's care. There was silence on the plantation; no work was done in the fields, and there was no singing to be heard from the quarters. Nomini Hall was in mourning for its favorite daughter. . .

* * * *

Three months later a coach drove to the door of Nomini Hall, and deposited a familiar passenger. The returning prodigal was no longer a girl, but

a woman, and the tall young man by her side was a full-grown man in a soldier's uniform. For these were war times, and Tom Landrey was a fighter, as well as a gentleman. Gently he handed his wife down to the old nurse, who held her close and began crying. But they were tears of joy, echoed by the whole plantation.

No explanations were asked of the couple, but after supper Harriet called a family council and gave them of her own accord.

"We knew that Tom would have to go to war sooner or later," she said, smiling at her husband, "and I wanted what little time we could have together. Now, we've come to beg forgiveness, for Tom would like me to stay here while he's away. I know we hurt you, and I'm sorry for that, but I do think we were right."

"My dear," her father said gently, "we never once doubted that you were right. We knew you better than that. And there is nothing to forgive. Of course you must come home to live. Where else would you go? I hereby declare the family council closed. We must make plans for a party to announce our daughter's wedding. Anne, come, let's have some music."

And he led his daughter to the harpsichord, took out his flute and began to play Mammy Lou's hymn, Harriet's favorite. From the kitchen the old nurse took up the refrain in her rich contralto, and from the slave quarters came the sound of voices raised in thanks and praise.

In Spirit

By MARTHA WOODS

*Sometimes, when you are sound asleep,
I come in spirit light
And sit beside you for awhile,
Content, beholding your sweet smile,
To watch you through the night.*

*Your hand is held so fast in mine,
As night creeps softly on,
While dreams drift into quiet sleep,
Steadfastly I, my vigil keep,
Faithful as the dawn.*

*I ask that God will keep you safe,
Safe from all pain and care,
And pray that you will never know
That softly, as I rose to go,
I kissed you sleeping there.*

Ain't It The Truth

By ANN ROGERS



T WAS one of the hottest, most humid days I'd ever thought I'd live through! And I had to be in school at that! It had been an unusually cool summer, so I thought it would also be a cool September for going back to school. What a surprise when the temperature rose to about 90 degrees the very first whole day of school!

I suffered from the beginning of the day to the end! But I looked forward with great anxiety to three o'clock, when I would be out of school and could go home and go for a nice cool refreshing swim in the lake, which was only about a quarter of a mile from home. How wonderful it would be to be cool again, to relax in a "dead man's float" and just let my pores seep up the coolness of the water.

From recess time 'til three o'clock it was worse than ever. There was no sign whatever of a breeze to cool it off a little in fourth period, as there had been in the early morning classes. And fifth period, besides there being no breeze, I had to study! Oh, what agony it is to make your brain work when you know you're dying from the heat. I didn't have one particle of energy left in my brain or my body.

I got hotter and hotter every minute. I thought to myself, "It's probably cooler down in the 'Shades of Hades' than it is here! Somebody must have broken down the nitrogen atom and the world is burning up!"

When the three o'clock bell rang, it somehow renewed my energy a little. I fairly flew from the first floor to the third to get my books. Once outdoors, I hurried to the drug store and refreshed myself with a coke; then I was off to the bus stop.

"Oh joy! Oh wonderful world! What bliss it will be to go swimming!" I thought jubilantly to myself.

I still felt like a wilted flower when I got home, but I was going to remedy that as soon as I could dash in and get my bathing suit and get to the lake. I was in such a hurry that I didn't see my Aunt Pearl and Uncle Grant sitting in the living room until I was halfway upstairs. Then I heard, "Well, hello there! Aren't you going to say hello to your aunt and uncle? After all, we only see you about once a year, so do some and talk to us. Your mother went out to get some groceries and said she'd be home very shortly. But I told her not to hurry because I knew you'd talk to me since you hadn't planned anything for the afternoon."

That did it! Oh well, I guessed mother'd be back in just a few minutes, so why not talk to 'em? I could go swimming just as soon as she got back. So I talked and talked 'til I thought I'd die of boredom and heat both. Oh, Gawd!

Where was mother? It seemed like hours that I'd been trying to listen and laugh at what were supposed to be jokes told by my uncle.

Finally the car drove up, mother got out and came to the door and asked me to carry in some stuff for her. (What would happen next to keep me from getting to the lake before five o'clock?) That I did, but my gosh, what did she do, buy the whole blessed store out? It certainly seemed so! Package after package, bundle after bundle I carried in. (Would I never get through?) At last I had only one more bag to take in! Then to the lake!

But wouldn't you know it! The bottom of the bag fell out and the groceries went all over. The biggest bag of stuff too! I don't know what there wasn't that I didn't have to pick up! Canned junk, lettuce, peas, butter, meat, etc., and, oh no, not that! Last, but not least, a bag of what were supposed to have been eggs. Quite a number of them had broken, and of course, I had to clean that mess up too. And after that was done I thought, "Now surely I'll get away to—."

"Oh, dear, how about putting the car up for mother?"

After I did put the car up, I stamped into the house, thoroughly disgusted. I decided that if I offered to help mother do something, she'd decide there wasn't anything to be done. Fool that I was, I did. But, out of the ordinary, mother said she'd just be so happy if I'd shell the peas for her!

Oh no! Not that! It always did take me hours to shell one pea. But before I could protest, I found myself equipped with a pan and some newspapers and the peas, and also I was instructed to go out onto the porch so as not to get in anybody's way.

On the way out to the porch, I gave myself a good kick, just to be sure I was "all there". I'd really stuck my foot in that one all right. Next time I'd know better.

I was sweating and mumbling curses to myself over those darned peas when dad walked in. That meant it was five o'clock and I wouldn't get to go swimming at all now. Oh, bless my dear relatives! They always came at the wrong time!

"Well, maybe dad would let me take the car over to the lake and I could go for a quick swim—just long enough to get cooled off," I thought.

Then from somewhere, "Dear, would you mind setting the table for dinner?"

Naturally, since it isn't the custom for children to revolt against parents, I set the table.

I endured dinner, dried the dishes, and then went upstairs. If I couldn't go swimming, I could certainly take a cold shower. Nothing could possibly keep me from doing that! But when I was ready to take my shower, what should happen but that I discovered my aunt was taking one. I waited, and when she was through, I was just about to knock on the door when my uncle went in from the other door. When he had finished, dad knocked on my door and asked if

I was going to use the shower. I said yes, but for him to go on and take his first, thinking since I'd waited for two, one more wouldn't hurt. But then mother came up in a great hurry. She just had to get in the shower immediately because the others were waiting for her to come so they could play bridge.

That did it again! I was ready to pound my head on the wall, beat my brains out, or something. I was really and truly almost afraid to take a shower now for fear I'd collapse from sheer disbelief. And maybe the water wouldn't turn on!

But I did get to take my shower, and I didn't collapse. It was like heaven!

The Wind

By MARILYN GEISELMAN

*I love to listen to the wind
As it sweeps around my shutter;
It sounds to me like sprites or fairies
Conversing in a mutter.*

*Sometimes they talk in muted tones
As if they were confiding
To one of their many sister sprites
Some secret place of hiding.*

*At other times they seem to laugh
As if some jokes they're telling,
Or utter lamentations loud
As the breezes full are swelling.*

*I listen to them as I lie abed;
They lull me into sleep,
And I dream of them throughout the night,
While they their vigil keep.*

Metaphors

By HELEN FOUSSEKIS

IN THE NIGHT

A PRAYER

*The night was like a woman's gown,
Adorned with sequins bright and white,
And silent slumber in misty crown
Filled the limbs with sleep delight.
And I alone evaded her touch—
Exhausted much my limbs did cry—
And yet no rest upon a couch
For Illness urged my Lucy to die,
And Death to gain her gasping breath.
I did not kneel or bow my head
To pray to God to avert this death.
My soul by deathless Love was led,
That mounted heavens pure as gold;
And Faith did seek His dwelling there,
And when He found it firm and bold,
Restored to me my Lucy fair.*

THEY WERE ONLY TWO

*The lighted streets were thickly filled,
And Noise so stirring hastened and shrilled;
Laughter and Glee walked hand in hand,
And Sadness lurked in silent sand;
But they in love were only two,
Embalmed in Cupid's mist of dew,
And they one care did only give:
To stamp on Time so Now could live.*

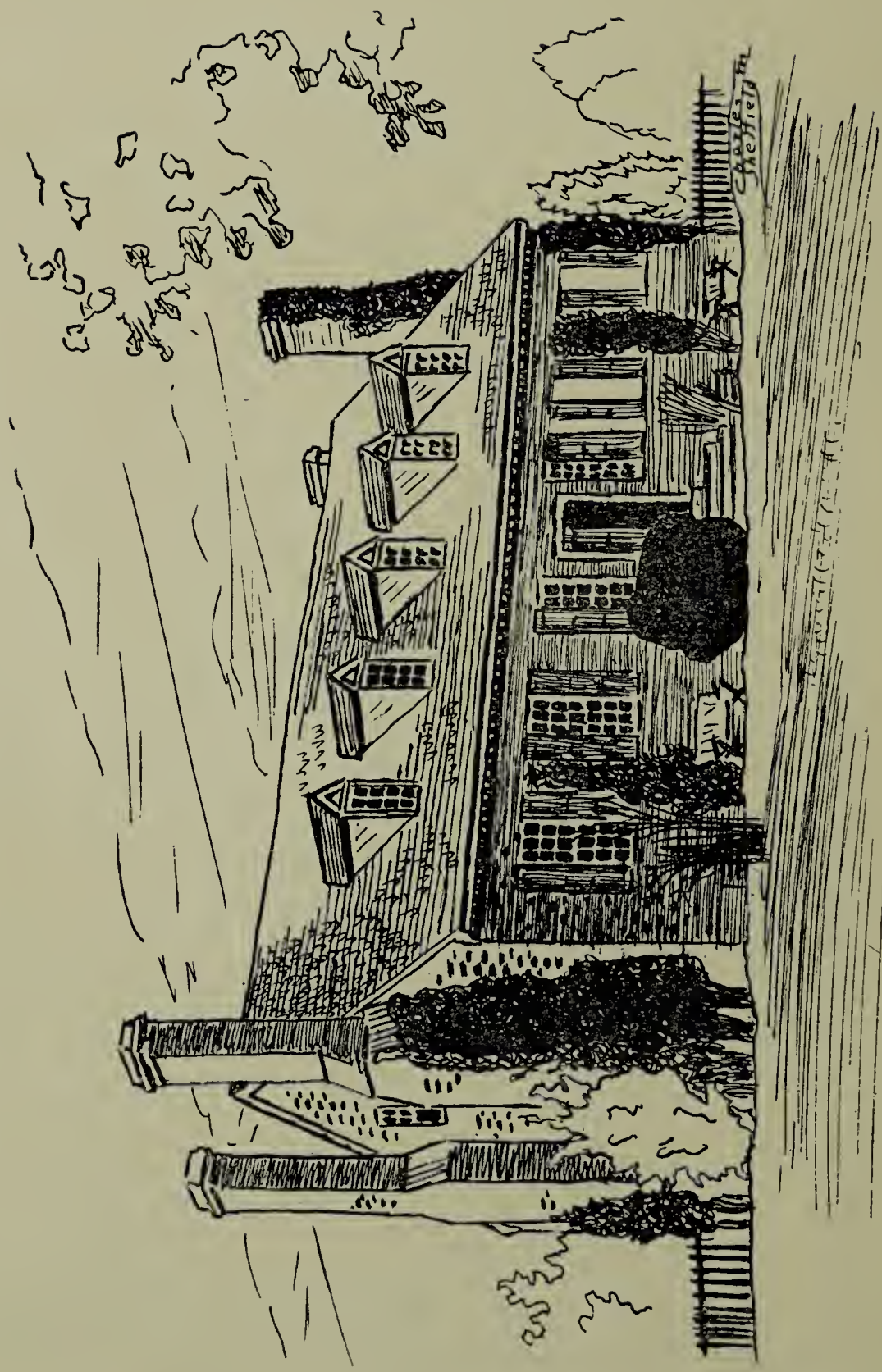
LIFE

*There are two bookends, old and cracked with
rust,
Upon a table round and filled with dust,
And though their purpose known by all is old,
Like vigils, guarding their posts, the books they
hold.*

*And one a girl with features bright with mirth,
For she does spin the thread of life with birth;
The next a boy who feels not joy's sweet breath,
For he beholds the face of fearful death.*

*The books they hold are some displayed with
gold,
Others worn and torn and full of mold.
Each leaf records the many ways of life,
Pages of jealousy, selfishness, man's strife.*

*Our lives are wrought like books, and every
page
Recounts of what we do in every age.
Our lives like books may vary with a name,
Yet death and birth like bookends stay the same.*



Wakefield, Birthplace of George Washington

By HONORE PARKER

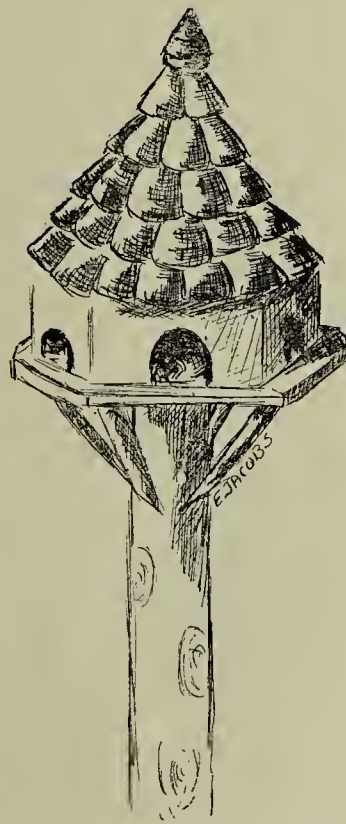


AS THE late afternoon sun was still shining brightly, we approached a place known not only for its historical interest but also its scenic beauty, which is instantly impressed upon the mind of the visitor. I refer to Wakefield, birthplace of our nation's first president, George Washington. Located in "the Athens of America", Westmoreland County, one can easily imagine that Wakefield would have some connection with Washington because of the monument, a memorial marker, which is encircled by the driveway. This shaft of Vermont granite is one-tenth the size of the monument in our national capital and of the same proportions. It was first erected by the federal government in 1896 on the site now occupied by the memorial mansion and moved in 1930 to its present location.

The house that stands today is a memorial, the original having completely burned in 1799. The memorial mansion, which is not a replica of the birthplace of George Washington, was built in 1930 of hand-made brick to resemble the Virginia plantation homes of the first half of the eighteenth century. Proportions and furnishings of the original home were obtained from the inventory of Washington's brother, Augustine.

While buzzing around trying to keep up with the guide and take notes on everything he said (the words rolled off his tongue like bullets from a machine gun), I nearly ran into the stately old grandfather clock standing in the hallway. My friend, the guide, explained that it was built in 1690 and was perhaps one of the oldest in America. I'm positive that clock gave me a disgusted look, so I returned the compliment and went merrily on my way.

The first room I noticed was the dining-room furnished with eighteenth century furniture. In this room stands a beautiful tilt-top table, the only existing piece of furniture from the original home. The last owner and occupant of the birthplace house, a nephew of Washington, saved the table at the time of the fire.



Adjoining the dining-room is the parlor, simply but attractively arranged. Across the hall is a typical colonial bedroom furnished with a canopied bed and crib which the guide told me probably belonged to the family.

I was beginning to become tired of being that guide's shadow, so I wandered upstairs alone. There I found four other bedrooms with early American furniture. How I longed to stretch out on one of those beautiful beds! But they probably wouldn't have held me up anyway. In my imagination I furnished my own room with a handsome curtained bed and found myself propped up on piles of silk and satin pillows. What a life! Suddenly I was called down to the backyard. With pad and pencil, I scurried down the stairs and stopped at the



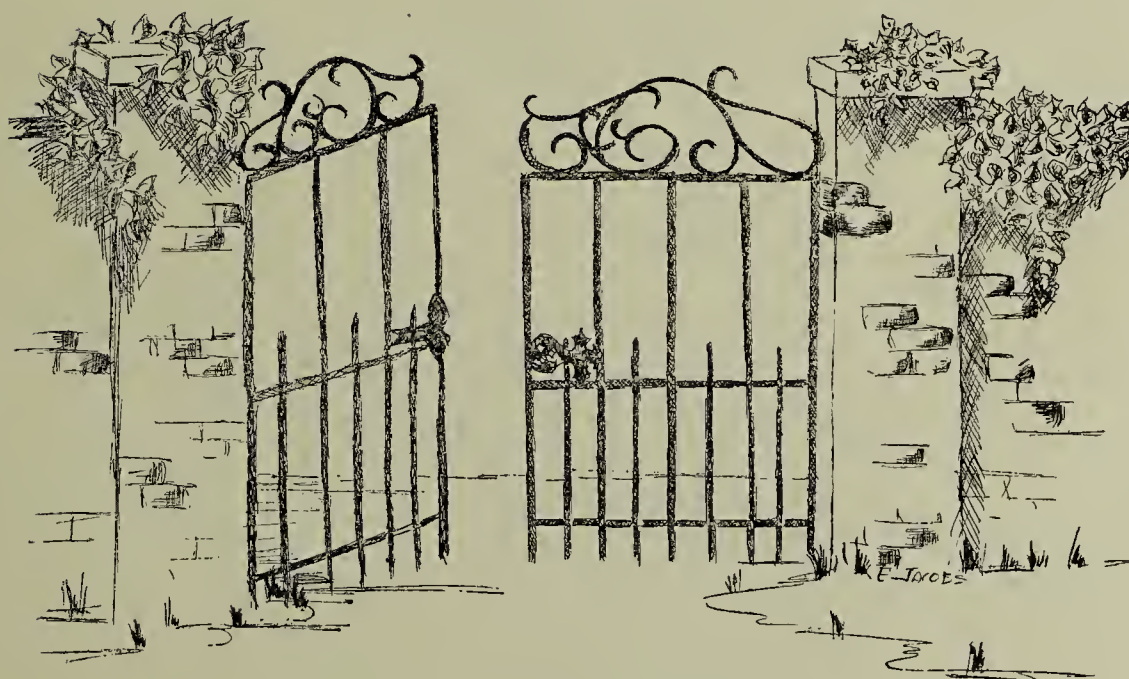
back door to grasp the beauty of the creek and the river in the distance which met the bright blue skyline. Pope's Creek curved gracefully from the right of the birthsite and moved to join the mighty Potomac. There was quite a dispute over the feathery objects slowly moving around in Dancing Marsh, a small stream flowing into Pope's Creek. Some stated our fine feathered friends were herons; others were positive they were ducks. We never quite settled the dispute, but it was plain to see that they were 99 44-100% pure white and they floated.

Wandering around enjoying the scenery, I came to the colonial-type garden enclosed by a hand-split fence. The brick walk was lined with boxwood which may have grown from cuttings originally taken from Wakefield. Two large bee hives impressed me as did the sun dial at the end of the garden. In the very middle of the garden stood a huge birdhouse and one of the members of our group whispered softly in her loudest voice, "Look, a birdhouse with apartments."

"Yea, probably with hot and cold running robins," added one of our noted teachers. We decided to leave while most of us were still of "sound and disposing mind" to visit the burial grounds. As we left, we noticed a small outhouse that was the kitchen. Today it serves as a temporary museum displaying such relics as eating utensils, broken glassware, a brass skillet, earthenware, and chinaware.

To reach the family burial ground we walked down an old-fashioned path running between rows of cedars and shrubbery. The burial ground was enclosed by a wall of handmade bricks with iron gates. The remains rest there today of twenty-nine members of the Washington family including the father of George Washington, Augustine, an uncle, Lawrence, his grandfather, John, another uncle, John, and a brother, Augustine. While we were moving slowly through this bivouac of the dead, the solemn stillness was broken by the sudden outburst as one of our brilliant students read the inscription, "Lawrence Washington, died 1697 $\frac{7}{8}$ ", and then commented: "Um-m—it must have been his waist measurement."

Inscribed on the tomb of George Washington's grandfather, John, are the words, "In memory of the American Kindred and children of the Ancestors of George Washington. Their remains repose here beneath but their names as once here inscribed have been effaced by the relentless hand of Time." On the front of John Washington's tomb is also inscribed the family coat of arms with the impressive motto, "The end proves the deed."



Serenity

By DELORES THOMPSON

*I like to sit beside the sea
And watch the waves roll by,
To stretch my limbs upon the sand
And look up to the sky.*

*It makes a person free within
To feel he's free without;
No heavy heart, no darkened mind,
No soul that's full of doubt.*

*They say that dreamers often come
To nothing that's worth while,
But I'm inclined to think they're wrong;
They've missed the point a mile.*

The Sea

By WILLIAM JACKSON

TO CHILD

*I saw the sea when ten
And heard its lion's roar;
'Twas only water then
When playing on the shore.*

TO YOUTH

*The moonlight cast a spell.
I drank with love the spray.
My heart was like the swell,
And felt that tideless day.*

TO MAN

*'Tis now I face the sea
And feel the endless flow.
'Tis now it speaks to me,
Of silence that I know.*

Runner's Heart

By FRANK SCOTT

“**C**OME ON, JIGGER,” yelled a tall boy in the stands.

“Jigger, Jigger,” the crowd chimed in.

Jigger Watson, captain of Colburn's track team, drove forward. His piston-driving legs drew him abreast a Southbend runner just as they hit the first banked turn on the last lap of the half-mile race.

Josh Doyle, who had set the punishing pace throughout the race, had his heart set on winning this race. He was a newcomer to Colburn and never expected anyone to cheer him. He stepped up the pace around the turn, trying to hold on to his narrow lead.

Jigger came shooting off the curve with a burst of speed, passing another Southbend runner. He now had only Josh to contend with.

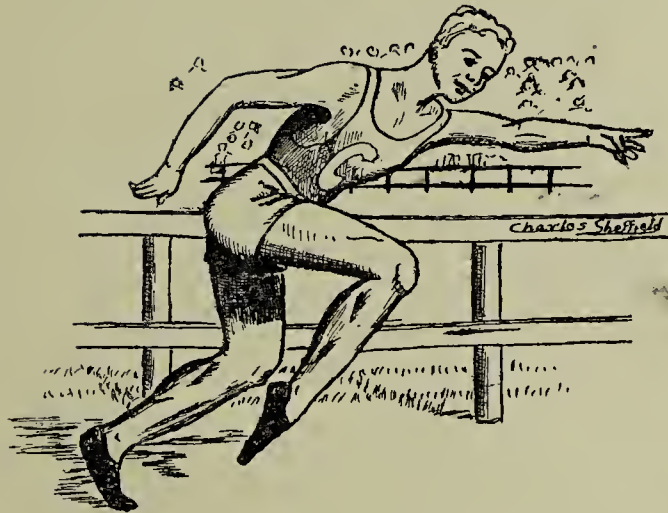
Josh could hear Jigger's spikes behind him. He could recognize their familiar plod, plod, plod without having to look around to see who it was. Josh even thought he could feel Jigger's hot breath on his shoulders. In four other races he had not been able to hold off Jigger Watson's finish drive. Four times he had seen his school colors, worn by Jigger, sweep past him to win.

As the runners rounded the last turn and came into the home stretch, Josh could see the timers and officials lined up at the red yarn that the victor would break. He knew that Jigger Watson had one of the fastest stretch kicks in the East, but he still drove forward.

Josh clenched his teeth, trying to give everything. He knew that this had been his fastest race, but would it beat Jigger?

Five more yards to go and Josh heard the familiar pounding draw abreast with him. The crowd was going wild. Then it happened! Jigger passed him, winning in the last few inches.

The crowd was roaring for Jigger, Jigger Watson, king of the stretch kickers. They loved him, and he knew it. He pranced up and down in front of the crowd, waving here and there. Josh came up and gave him the usual congratulations.



"Nice race, Jigger."

Jigger grinned, "Thanks, thought you had me for sure. Boy! did you turn on that pace."

The crowd was still going strong, and one of Jigger's many followers yelled, "You make 'em quit in the stretch."

A little blonde chirped in, "Yeah! They all quit."

Josh grew tense. "I didn't quit."

"I know you didn't, fellow. Forget the crowd and run to win."

Josh panted, "Maybe next time I can do better."

"I've been beaten before, kid. You're good enough to do it," said Jigger.

Their conversation was cut short by the loud speaker. "The results of the half mile run. First, Jigger Watson of Colburn; Second, Josh Doyle also of Colburn; Third, Andrews of Southbend. Time, one minute, fifty-six and six tenths seconds. A new indoor record for Colburn."

The crowd roared again. Josh picked up his sweat clothes. He turned to go down to the dressing room, just as his coach caught sight of him.

"You all right?" said Coach Temple.

"Sure, I'm okay. Beautiful race Jigger ran, wasn't it?" Josh said in a sarcastic tone.

"It wasn't Jigger who ran the race. You ran it. The only reason Jigger won was because of his stretch kick. Keep at it, son. You'll pull through. How your legs feel?"

"Tired. I may have set the pace, but what good does that do?" said Josh, not giving in.

"Don't forget you cracked the record, lad."

"I like to win," Josh said softly.

"That's the way to talk. Next week we meet Eastern. Then you can do your stuff. Now go on and take a shower. We're way out front in points. Little Tut Williams won his dash in good time. I wasn't expecting that," said Coach Temple as he walked off toward the pole-vaulting pit.

All the next week Josh thought of nothing but the Eastern meet. Every afternoon he reported to the athletic field and worked out. Jogging for wind, leg calisthenics, exercises were just a few of his many tasks.

He could feel that he was becoming faster all the time. Williams, the sprint man, didn't pull away so easily from him in the short dashes.

One day Coach Temple called Josh over to him and said, "This race next Saturday. . . You know whom you're running against, don't you?"

"Sure," said Josh, thinking that this was a queer question for Coach Temple to be asking, "Jigger."

"Oh! not he. I was afraid you would forget Barnley. He beat Jigger last

year and last week he ran a one-fifty-five in the Garden. That boy's hot as pepper."

Oh, yes, thought Josh. Barnley, Eastern's ace running machine, was in this race too. I'd forgotten entirely about him.

"This is going to be a tough meet," said Coach Temple, "and we're counting on every available point. The only sure winner I can chalk down for us is Big Bill Peterson in the shot."

"What about Al Shook? I heard he jumped six feet yesterday," answered Josh.

"That was just an on day for him. Besides, Eastern has a veteran back who claims he can jump six seven."

Jigger who was standing nearby overheard the conversation and said, "You can put down a first place for me, Coach. I'm winning that race."

Josh looked at Jigger. He knew Jigger was a little conceited, but he never thought he was that much. Josh finished out his jogging and went on up to the field house.

"You're a fine bunch of boys," said Coach Temple in the dressing room of Eastern's gym. "This is a tough meet, as you all know, so get up there and do your best. Let's get upstairs now and start getting warmed up. I want to see you a minute, Josh. Hang around."

Josh sat down as Coach Temple talked with a couple of officials. Finally he came over to Josh.

"Can you beat Barnley?" Coach Temple said.

Josh swallowed. "Isn't he pretty good?"

"Yeah! he's good, but don't let that time on the fast Garden track fool you. He can be beaten."

"By Jigger?"

"Forget Jigger. Just think that you are the only one in this race. You and Barnley. Sure you've run second to Jigger all winter, but Barnley doesn't know how fast you are. He'll be watching out for Jigger, and then you can go."

"I'll give it all I've got," said Josh with new thoughts now in his head.

When the first call came for the half mile, Josh was ready. He jogged over to Jigger.

"Good luck, Jigger," he said.

Jigger's eyes turned cold. "You're the one who needs luck, Doyle. Tonight I'm going to beat you so bad you'll wish you never heard of the half mile." Jigger walked off.

Anger leapt through Josh, and his heart pumped red-hot blood. He sprinted up and down the track a few times to warm up. Then he saw Barnley.

Barnley was a tall, thin boy with unusually long, loose muscled legs. Jigger came up and shook hands with him, while flash bulbs flashed here and there.

The starter called them into position.

"On your marks, boys."

Josh could feel his legs trembling.

"Now get set."

Josh rose up on his arms.

"Bang!"

Josh drove out of his holes, getting a good position up in the lead.

A runner sprinted from the rear way out front. Too fast, thought Josh, he'll burn himself out in a minute. Josh almost stopped when he saw who it was. It was Jigger. What was he doing out there? This wasn't the way he ran. He never set the pace, but there he was with Barnley in hot pursuit.

Josh pulled up and stuck behind Barnley. That was the only thing for him to do.

At the half way mark Jigger was still going strong. Josh knew this couldn't last and finally they began overhauling Jigger.

As Josh was passing Jigger, Jigger gasped, "Take him."

There was no time to think. Only a hundred yards from the tape. Barnley stepped up the pace. Josh gave it everything he had. He drew even with Barnley. They came running down the stretch into the tape neck and neck. Everything went black.

As Josh was being supported down the track, he looked down and saw it. Across the front of his jersey was a strand of red yarn. The red badge of courage, he thought to himself. He'd won. At last he'd won.

Coach Temple was all smiles when Josh finally found him. The crowd was tearing the place down, yelling, screaming.

"Why did Jigger run a front race, Coach?" asked Josh.

"Well, son, he wore himself out last week winning that race from you. He wanted to wear Barnley down. Then he got you mad, so all you'd think about would be winning this race."

Josh now knew that if Jigger Watson ever beat him again, he wouldn't mind. He had finally gotten the glory of winning a half mile race.

Verses

By MARY KEVAN LAI

LEAVES

*The leaves are turning round and round in
flight.
To watch their swirling motions is delight;
Like gypsies in a dance they twist and turn,
And flirt among the trees with no concern.
The fiery leaves in yellow, red, and brown
Are pretty gypsies dressed in autumn's gown.
And when the wind blows calmly through the
trees,
The merriment of every gypsy flees;*

*They float around with leisure in the sky,
Until another breeze comes passing by,
And suddenly they twist and twirl and sing,
Through all the woods the joyful rhythms ring.
They dance like mad down every little way.
We love them though with us they will not stay,
For soon a gay fair breeze will give a sigh
And far from us the dancing gypsies fly.*

EVENING

*The shadows swiftly sweep the sands,
For slowly sinks the summer sun.
The sailboats, sleek and slim, are sliding
To the shore; the race is won.
The trees are swaying, calmly soothing
The gulls who cry, for day is done.*

THE PLAYMATES

*She was a light and airy breeze
That drifted softly through the trees,
And stopped to chat beside the heath,
Then picked a group of chosen shades,
And threw them to her other maids,
Who made a red and yellow wreath.*

*They played around our yard awhile,
I watched them make a colorful pile.
They had waited and watched for this beautiful
day,
So they ran, and laughed, and swooped down
low,
But soon they thought they would have to go,
So they picked up their leaves and flew away.*



The Waiting Game

By KATHRYN STREET



EVERYTHING comes to him who waits," the wise men say, but obviously the wise men have never stood in line for books after school.

The three o'clock bell rings, and I tear down to the basement, hoping to be first in line. However, I find a small line already formed, extending all the way up the hall. Lamenting my sad fate, I take my place at the end and prepare for a long and tedious wait, which is exactly what I experience.

After shifting from one foot to the other for a few minutes, I try to begin a conversation with the tall young gentleman in front of me; but my efforts are met with an icy stare. Undaunted, I start counting the cracks in the walls, but soon tiring of this, I turn to the girl behind me and ask sweetly, "What did you learn in school today?" She immediately breaks forth in a panegyric of her latest conquest, which becomes quite boring after the third or fourth, "he's wonderful, marvelous, simply divine." I go back to counting cracks.

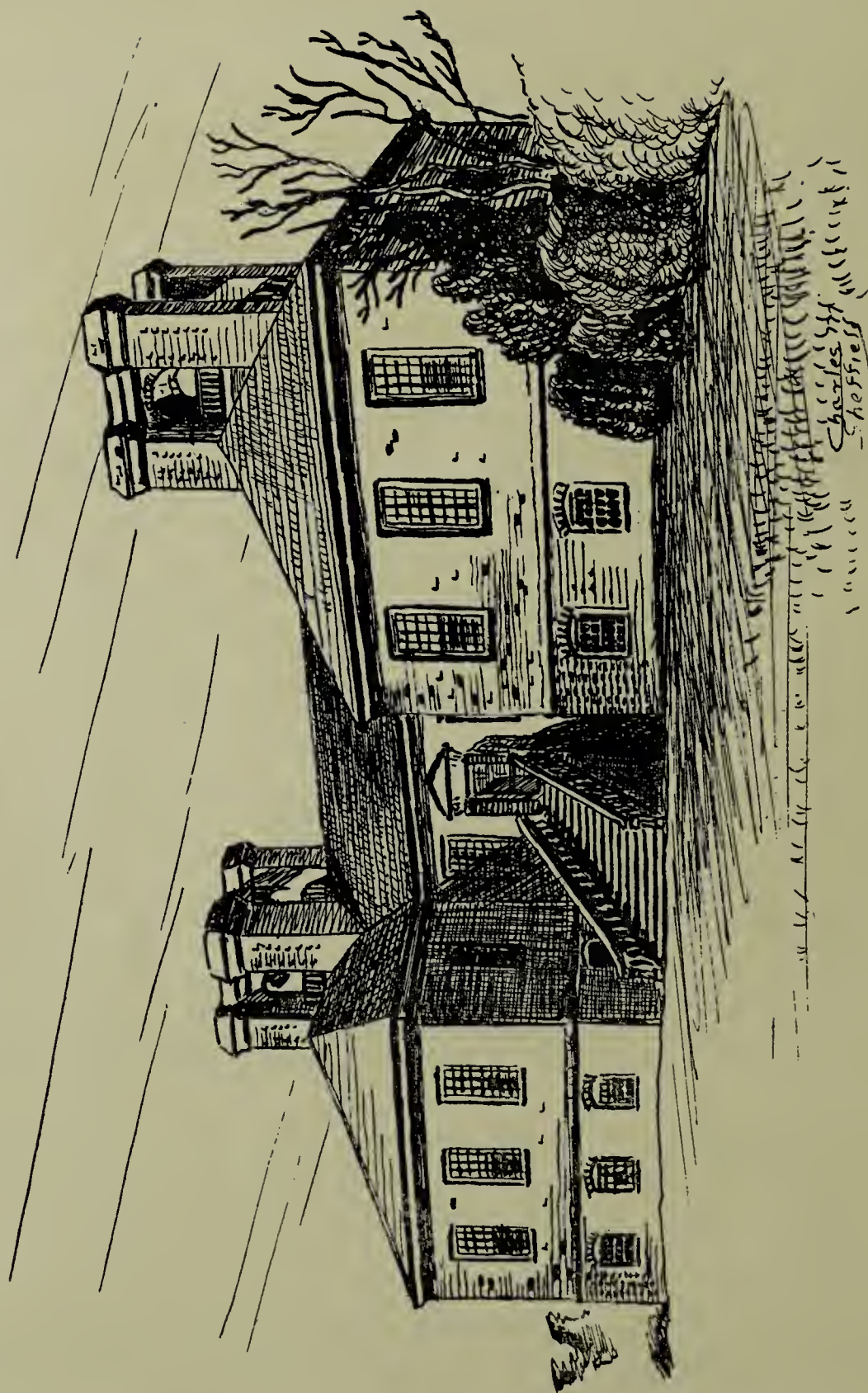
Suddenly I discover that my feet are no longer attached to my ankles, and my throat is parched. Interrupting my new acquaintance's torrent of words, I ask if she would mind holding my place while I get a drink. She agrees, a little hurt at having her soliloquy so rudely interrupted, and summoning my last bit of strength, I dash to the fountain. Eagerly I press the button, longing for the cool, soothing water, but nothing happens. Perhaps the school forgot to pay the water bill.

I stagger weakly back to my place, and my friend begins her story anew, with some details she had omitted in the first recitation.

At last the end is in sight. I begin to take an interest in my friend's conversation. "Did you really do that all by your little self? How clever of you! I'm sure even Lana Turner couldn't have handled it better." Those poor people behind me. They look so discouraged. What's a little waiting, it never hurt anybody. Patience is a virtue, yessir!

One more step and I am facing Mr. Holmes. Dear Mr. Holmes! But before I can speak, he sighs wearily, "That's all for today," and closes the door in my face.

"Everything comes to him who waits," the wise man saith, but I don't notice any of them offering to buy my books for me.

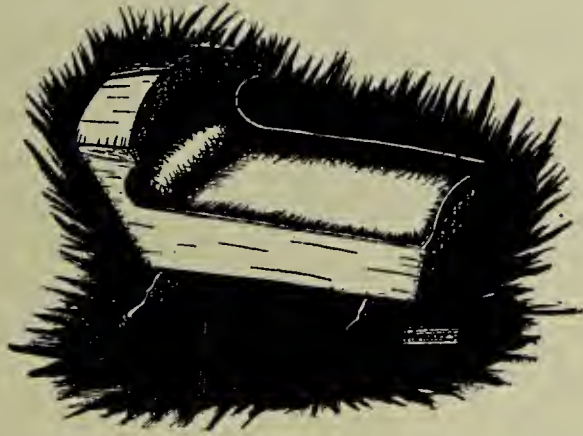


Stratford Hall

By DAVIS WYATT



I AM at a loss to express in words the feelings I had on first seeing Stratford Hall, Lee Plantation, with a group of other history-minded students. It was truly the most beautiful of all the old Virginia plantations that I have seen. At first sight of the massive house and grounds, I seemed to be in an entirely different age. The spacious, double driveway, with a wooden fence on each side of it, made the approach to the structure magnificent. On one side of the drive was a pasture with horses frolicking in the mild March breeze, and on the other was an inviting forest.



The outbuildings consisted of kitchen, law office, smoke house, and barn, while farther from the home was the water mill, still in use.

The kitchen was in two parts, one being an office for visitors and the other the original kitchen, the floor of which was made of bricks. In the huge fireplace were several pot hooks, holding large and small brass and copper pots with carved, wooden ladles in them. There was also a hollow iron heated by putting hot coals in it.

An amusing old Negro explained some candle makers to us. On a large, round, movable wheel were suspended round boards with a dozen or so strings hanging from each one; these strings were dipped into a bucket of tallow. When withdrawn, the large wheel was turned and in went the next bunch of strings, and so on, until, with repeated dippings, the strings were sufficiently coated with tallow. Then the finished product was removed and other strings took their place.

Just behind the kitchen was the smoke house. It was, indeed, the oldest looking structure that I saw on the entire estate. Its shingle roof was half moss covered. Its outside was a mixture of wood and brick, which looked as if it would inevitably fall and bring the saggy roof down with it. Its musty smell and deserted appearance gave no hint of its once fragrant, delicious odor. A few straggling vines clung to its tottering walls.

Directly across the lawn from the kitchen was the law office, where Thomas Lee, first native born magistrate of Virginia, held his courts. It was made from



bricks. Behind it was the barn with hand hewn stables, from which white-faced Herefords and horses observed us with a questioning look from their ludicrously large eyes.

After we had seen these things, an interesting guide showed us into old Stratford. Stratford was built in 1729 by Thomas Lee. It is considered perfect architecture, and is built in the shape of the letter "H", having four chimneys at the end of the cross piece of the "H", used as lookout towers. It was built of brick, and located about one mile from the Potomac River in Westmoreland County.

Stratford has four entrances, two in the middle of the sides of the "H" facing east and west, and two in the cross bar of the "H" facing north and south. We entered the door on the east side of the lower floor and walked along a hall laid with bricks to the first room, the Housekeeper's Room.

It was the only room in the house with the original floors. Also, in this room was one of the three original pieces of furniture, an old dowry trunk. The shutters are also the original ones in all the rooms. Adjoining this room was the Spinning Room, with several spinning wheels and a loom.

On the opposite side of the hall was the White Room, for sleeping, presumably for the boys, and the School Room. The hangings of the White Room were hand-made. In this room was a very delicately made and beautiful chest, given to Stratford by the Metropolitan Museum. Also, there was an olive wood chest brought from Spain. We next went through the Servants' Room, where they slept on pallets, which could be rolled up in the morning and put in the adjacent brick rooms. The brick rooms were also used for wood and storage. Through this room and to the right was the Counting House of Thomas Lee,

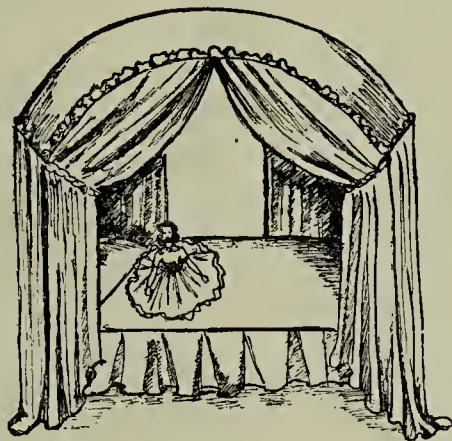
where we were shown an obsolete link lamp, which was balanced so that it was always right side up and would not spill the whale oil, which was used as fuel.

Opposite this room was a guest room in which there was a dresser with an interesting feature. While the guests primped they could soak their feet in a separate compartment of the dresser. Also, there was a banjo-shaped bed warmer which could be filled with hot ashes. The type of most of the furniture in all the sleeping rooms was Chippendale. With this and the Red and Green Rooms we finished our survey of the ground floor. We entered the second floor through the west entrance, having ascended a flight of steps. On the right and left of a hallway, in which a bust of Homer and Shakespeare once stood, were the first two rooms, originally powder rooms, one in which relics are now kept, such as Bohemian glassware, old watches, swords and other curiosities.

The first important room was the Parlor. The mantel of the fireplace in this room was beautifully hand-carved. Just over it was a superb portrait of Lafayette, and also a portrait of Light Horse Harry Lee. Here was a most beautiful secretary with intricate designs on it, which was an original piece of furniture. The French draperies of the room cost approximately \$4,500.

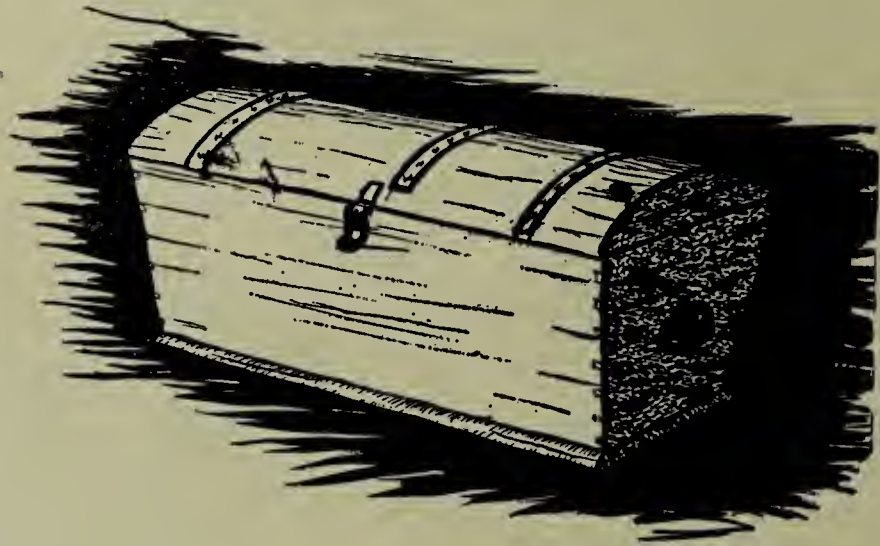
We next entered the Library, where we saw a desk which originally belonged to Robert Carter, son of the famous "King Carter", and on it was the original little chest belonging to Thomas Lee. The books were kept in the Ballroom instead of the Library. The Great Hall, which was the cross bar of the "H" on the second floor, was the largest, most beautiful and fascinating of all the rooms. It was resplendent with the large chandelier, hanging from the high ceiling, and majestic in its spaciousness, compared to the other rooms. Over the east and west doors of the hall were the portraits of Thomas and Hannah Ludwell Lee, his wife. There was a spinet, fascinating in its antiquity and beauty, and a harp of equal fascination. The doors opening to the south and north were approached by a flight of steps in the form of open arms. To the south was a view of the spacious drive, while to the north there was a more breathtaking view of the river. The rolling knolls stretched out of sight and were taken up by the expanse of water, that seemed a distant snowcapped mountain.

The next room was the Dining Room, which was adorned by the full length portrait of Queen Caroline, who had appropriated three hundred pounds for the repairing of Stratford when it was burned by convict slaves who had been sentenced by Thomas Lee.



Opposite the Dining Room was the Mother's Room, where Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert E. Lee, leader of the Confederate Army, and other members of the family were born. Beside the Mother's Room was the Nursery.

From the east entrance on the second floor could be seen the beautiful geometrical gardens and the walk to the Burial Chapel. The garden consisted mostly of boxwoods and other plants, but there were several ancient and gnarled beech trees and a few massive oaks.



Death

By ANITA MERSEL

*Not feared and sordid death appears,
But a mother, faithful, loving, kind,
Who gathers all the burning tears
Of her bespattered, hapless sons,
Whose cries have moved the hills and years.*

*Hence when to her warm bosom they come,
She tenderly wipes away their tears,
And shelters them as their fears succumb,
And lulls them on her lap to sleep
As tranquil their harried souls become.*



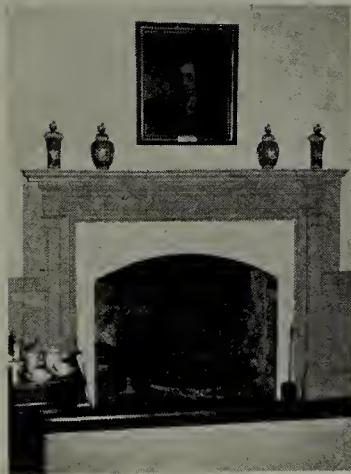
Stratford Hall



The Mother's Room



The Kitchen



Fireplace and
Peale Portrait
of Lafayette



Original Secretary



Robert Carter's Desk



Formal Garden
and Chapel

Adventure In Shangri-la

By BERT STUBBLEBINE

IT WAS a bright crisp September dawn as two men, Ralph and Jack, on a hunting trip, entered the foothills of the Rockies near Laramie, Wyoming.

The day was beautiful as the early dawn light shone on the pines and birches covering the rolling country which extended to the higher mountains above.

All about the hunters birds warbled their early morning songs. The hunters heard the awakening call of the mockingbird, the mating call of the redbird, and the scolding of the blue jay. Ralph and Jack were quiet as they rode onward, astride their magnificent steeds, along the animal trails that led to the mountains above. Across their saddles hung high-powered rifles and various other camping and hunting equipment. Plodding along close behind was the pack horse loaded with enough provisions to last the hunters for the few days that they expected to be gone. As noon grew near the men were first approaching the steep ascent to the mountains. Here Ralph and Jack stopped, rested their horses, and ate.

Having eaten some canned meat with crackers, washed down with a few mouthfuls of water, they again started their climb. The ascent now was tedious, for the trails were narrow and steep. Climbing upward until sundown, the hunters heard the pleasant sounds of a fast moving mountain stream to the right. Following the sounds Ralph and Jack came upon a bubbling mountain stream about four feet wide.

On each side of the stream were banks of moss-covered rocks extending back some yards to forests of long-leaved pine and thick underbrush which are characteristic of the immediate country.

The ice cold, crystal clear stream originated many hundreds of feet up the mountain in a glacier and thundered downward, bubbling in a frantic passion against the huge boulders and then pausing for a few serene moments in a quiet



pool before dashing downward in wild ecstasy to the plains below. Birds were singing their last songs before nightfall and these songs blended with the mad bubbling of the stream to produce a song of nature for the hunters. Because of the beauty of this spot and because of the nearness of night, Ralph decided that they should camp. After building a fire and eating a meal of squirrel, which had been shot earlier in the day, the hunters spread their rolls and soon were asleep in nature's habitat for wild animals as if it were their own bedroom.

Awakening early, the hunters were up and ready to start before dawn. Since the turbulent stream came from the direction they wished to follow they decided to proceed along its mossy banks. The way was peaceful and very beautiful, but the going was hard and tedious due to the narrow or steep banks which forced them to ride in the stream or enter the heavy underbrush lining the banks. As they neared the top the forest became more open and more rocky, making the footing for the horses precarious at times. Near the peak of the mountain Ralph noticed a small opening or passageway in the huge towering boulders. Upon investigating the crevice Jack discovered hair scraped from the hide of some animal on the boulder. This aroused their curiosity and it was finally decided to explore the crack. The passage was unusually narrow with many twists and turns, which slowed the progress of the party considerably. Finally Ralph, followed closely by Jack, left the passage which opened onto a high slope overlooking what was at one time a volcano, extinct now for many centuries. On all sides the mountains made impassable barriers while at the bottom was a beautiful valley. The valley was fringed with a large forest, untouched by human hands and in the middle was a huge grassy plain. To the right and far below a small quiet stream flowed lazily across the edge of the meadow.

The hunters stood in amazement, for there feeding on the thick rich grass was a herd of elk, numbering in the twenties. Ralph and Jack could hardly wait to place the sting of man's invention into the herd which were unconscious of the danger which was so close.

Hurrying down the slope, the hunters approached as close to the herd as they dared, and then unsheathing their guns, loaded and fired, each cutting down a magnificent elk. The others, sensing danger, scurried away, but not before two more were killed. The hunters, jovial with their success, rushed out to inspect their prizes, but after a short inspection were not satisfied and began hunting for more wild life to kill even though they had more than enough. Entering the woods they began shooting unmercifully the small game and birds which were so bountiful. As they walked along so intent on their success, they did not notice the puma which, disturbed by the firing, lay crouched for his kill. When the hunters drew abreast of him he sprang, landing on Jack's

shoulders, clawing and biting at his neck. Jack went to the ground screaming and before Ralph could fire on the puma, Jack was mauled to death. The big cat escaped but was badly wounded.

Ralph then realized that he had better leave with what game he could carry. Collecting the remains of Jack and what game he could, he mounted and began his ride to the entrance. Upon reaching the narrow passage he turned to take his last look. When he stopped, some huge boulders began to fall, disturbed by the vibrations from gun and horse hoofs on the rocks. Ralph tried to save himself, but it was too late. The rocks struck him, sealing the entrance and finding vengeance for the needless slaughter by the two hunters.

So the secret of Shangri La remains undiscovered although many men have hunted for this place of fabulous wildlife.



Thoughts On Seeing A Sunset

By NAN JONES

*A canvas sky
Resplendent with bright coated hues
Of colors laid in vast array
Upon a cloudy palette.
Held in that celestial hand,
A wispy brush moves across the sky
Trailing behind rich pigments
That blend the azure blue
With saffron, rose, and deep cerise.
Perhaps this last full splendor
Is a gift
From Him who made us;
A gift that expresses His ever mindful love,
And perhaps a promise of tomorrow's dawn
That will break forth in this glorious way—
Now slowly
The palette knife of dusk
Steals over the heavens
And silently scrapes away the azure blue,
The saffron, rose, and deep cerise.*

God's World

Visiting a Cathedral

By VIRGINIA PRICHARD



HAVE just been in a beautiful cathedral. Its stained glass windows are the clouds with luminous shafts of sunlight streaming through them. Its candles are the soft glowing colors of the sunset. Its ceiling is heavenly blue. The floor is a rich brown laid with carpet of velvety green. The incense is the damp smell of the earth after a rain. The wind whispering softly through the trees is its only organ. The choir, composed of many birds and insects singing joyously, swells the earth with its hymns of praise. Its congregation is all living creatures from the smallest field mouse to the lofty oaks and slender birches lifting their branches skyward in mute supplication. The decorations are the bright yellow of the goldenrod and the soft purple of the violet. It was built by the greatest Carpenter of all. I feel nothing but humble reverence while witnessing the beauty of my cathedral, a truly great miracle of God.

* * * * *

A Scene In Autumn

By VIRGINIA PRICHARD



FROM my window I have a view of fields and beyond them woods as far as I can see. It is a beautiful scene to look upon at any time, but especially in the autumn when the goldenrod and the trees present a riot of color to the eye. Even sunsets in autumn seem to reflect this splash of red and gold. Only the indistinct thread of mist hanging low over the fields and a certain sharpness of the air foretells the advent of Old Man Winter. Regiments of cornstalks stand at attention, their tattered uniforms fluttering in the wind. The hoarse cry of the crow is now heard where once many a gay songster whose tiny heart was overflowing with happiness poured forth his joyous elation to anyone who cared to listen. Wild ducks fly over, winging toward their goal with unswerving determination.

The tangy smell of autumn bonfires pervades the atmosphere. I watch the leaves on a nearby tree. They sigh softly to each other, remembering the warmth and laziness of past summer days. Then, one by one, regretfully they relinquish their hold and are caught up by the wind and finally brought to earth. Some fall into the brook and sail like the gallant clippers of yore until they are brought to port in a sandy cove or are swept by a swift current over the brink

of a tiny but perilous waterfall. The bright azure of an autumnal afternoon sky and the kaleidoscope of color created by fields and trees are set off by the solemn tone of the evergreens, those faithful sentinels who remain on duty although the other trees sleep. To me this scene is one of unsurpassed beauty, beautiful to look upon at any time, but especially in the autumn, when the goldenrod and the trees present a riot of color to the eye.

* * * * *

Reverie

By BARBARA PITTMAN



IT WAS a warm night in July, too early for the gang to assemble for its nightly pow-wow, and I was on the back porch just dreaming. As I stood there the thought came to me that nothing more could be asked of paradise than to have all the nights as beautiful as this.

The stars were millions of diamonds sparkling against a black velvet sky, and the new moon, whose light turned all it touched to silver, looked like a slice of honeydew. The trees were like black lace trimmed with firefly sequins, while the flowers were like fairy ballerinas who danced at the bidding of the wind. Their pale petal skirts, made luminous by the magical moonlight, swayed to the soft music of summer's infrequent breezes while now and then a bird, silhouetted against the sky, could be seen winging his way nestward, trailing his lilting, lyrical notes behind him. The entire view was like the setting for a dream sequence in a movie, and peace and quiet hung over all like a soft velvet curtain.

I stood for almost an hour, marveling at nature's handiwork and, when I at last reluctantly turned my back on the out-of-doors, my last thought was that God Himself had painted this picture for man's enjoyment.

Adoration

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

By ROSE VARN

*On Sunday morning I always sit
In a pew far back in church alone,
And watch the sun 'cross windows flit,
Turning each glass a richer tone,
As if by flaming torches lit.*

*My thoughts become almost as bright
As these old panes so lovely with years,
And gladly my eyes close out the light,
To seek my Lord with thankful tears,
To turn my thoughts from worldly fight.*

*I vow to strive with all my will
To copy the shining window pane.
Whether scars my skin may fill,
And toilsome years my face may stain,
Inside my soul to God may thrill.*

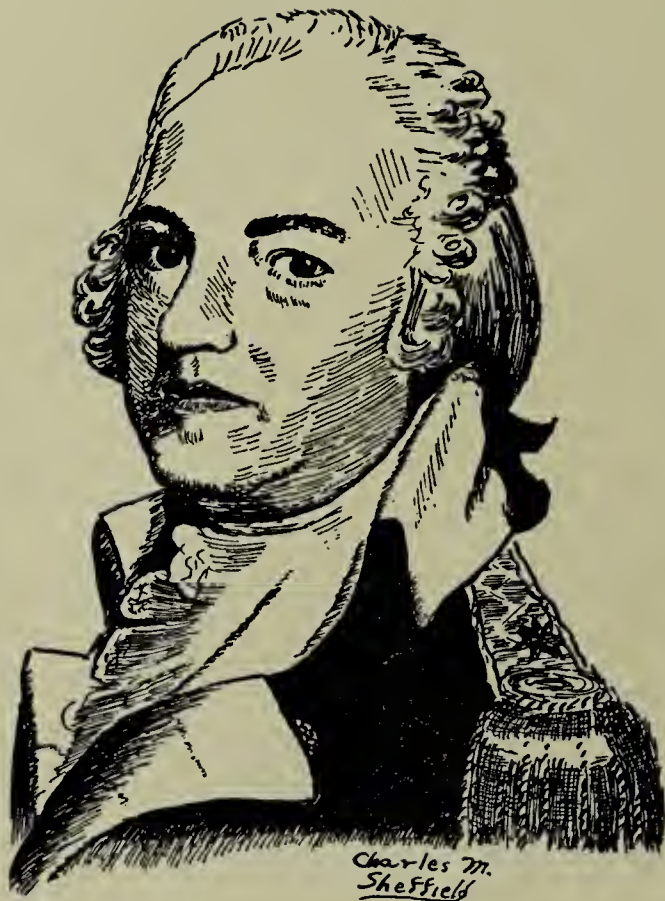
EASTER LILIES

By JEAN ATKINS

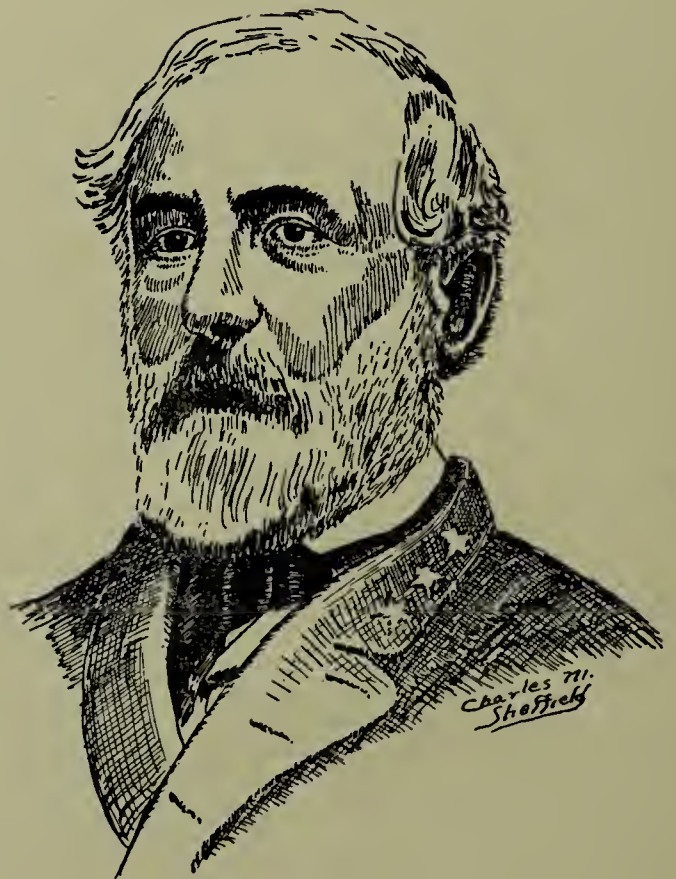
*I sit in church at Easter time
And watch the Lilies white;
The sun gleams through the stained glass panes
To fill the church with light.*

*The Lilies teach a lesson plain
Of Resurrected Life,
A picture of the heaven to come
After this world of strife.*

*A dead brown bulb is buried deep.
We, too, must taste death's gloom;
A blade of green, a tall thin stem,
And then a heavenly bloom.*



LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE



ROBERT E. LEE

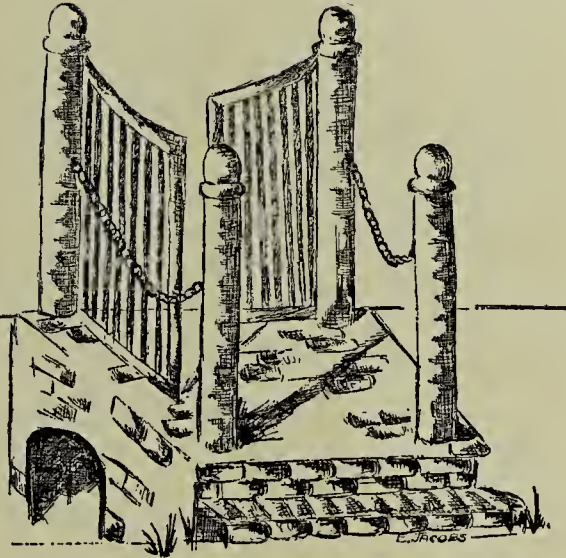
Sons of Stratford

By KATHRYN STREET



ALTHOUGH Stratford was restored primarily in honor of General Robert E. Lee, it housed many famous men within its walls. Among them was Richard Henry Lee, who first introduced the resolution for America's independence.

Henry Lee III, or Light Horse Harry, as he was called, was a loyal follower of Washington and figured prominently in the Revolution. He was in command of a small independent detachment of cavalry, and always traveled as lightly as possible, hence his nickname.



On one occasion he and his followers made a silent march on the British garrison at Paulus Hook, seized them all as prisoners, and made their escape before the enemy could stop them. Due to envious friends, this magnificent feat failed to bring him the desired fame.

At the end of the war he entered politics, rose to the governorship of Virginia, and in 1799 was elected to Congress. He was bitterly opposed to Jefferson, who, gaining power, caused him to fall into political oblivion.

His financial irresponsibility eventually led to his ruin, Stratford was allowed to deteriorate and, wounded in the Baltimore riot in 1818, he died a broken man.

Robert E. Lee was born at Stratford in 1807. He was his mother's favorite child and bore little resemblance to his father, Henry.

He left Stratford at the age of four, never to return again, but held warm recollections of it throughout his entire life. He often expressed his desire to purchase the place, and was said never to mention the name of the half brother who allowed it to pass from the hands of the Lee family.

Before entering West Point, most of his time was spent at Alexandria, and he received practically all of his elementary education there. He was very intimate with the Washingtons and in particular Mary Custis, who later was to become his wife.

He graduated from West Point second in his class and began the brilliant military career which is known to all.

Stratford can truly be proud of her sons.

Winter Nightfall

By DAVIS WYATT

*The evening sky was cold and gray with cloud
That threatened snow with each new gust
Of wintry wind that moaned or howled aloud.
A sombre figure walked and watched
As earth put on a dark and misty shroud.*

*The trees bent low as the heavens donned a
scowl,
And one by one the birds all found
A safe and warm retreat from the preying owl
That hooted deep in the darkening forest,
As the night spread out the enveloping folds
of its cowl.*

*With the advent of night the wintry winds
subside.
Feathery flakes begin to fly,
A few as scouts, then fleets and fleets o'erride.
The lone trapper lifted his face to feel
The soft caress. Then thought of his own
fireside.*

*He hurried not his slow and measured tread.
The petals and chains of his traps resound
With a clink, clank, clink. A rabbit fled
Across his path in timid flight.
Man, beast and bird were soon abed.*

All's Well

By CATHERINE WHITTLE



S Libby Bradley and Penny Short sat in Shannon's Drug Store, sipping their "cokes", Libby told Penny about her new plans. "And Mr. Green has finally told me that I can have charge of Hall Hollerings (the school gossip column) for this week," said Libby.

"Oh, good! That gives me a good idea. Since you are so crazy about Randy Branch, you can put in the Hall Hollerings this week that Randy has started going around pretty much with Louise Mendel!" exclaimed Penny.

Louise Mendel was a self-centered girl who was most unpopular throughout the school. Because of this very few people could stand having their names mentioned in the paper in connection with this girl.

"That's about the best idea you have thought of yet, my dear. Keep this up and we will be having Randy around all the time. Changing the subject, where is George today?" inquired Libby.

The day finally came when there appeared in the school newspaper, "The Highlights of Westmoreland High," in "The Hall Hollerings" this piece of news: "It seems as if Randy Branch and Louise Mendel have been having a large time around school. In fact a few of the girls at school have been somewhat disappointed by this piece of news."

That afternoon Libby said, "He hasn't found out yet, has he, who wrote the Hall Hollerings for this week? When he does, it will be the finish of me. Oh! why in the world did I ever do it? The more I think of it the worse I feel." As she was crying and Penny was trying to calm her, Randy passed by.

He stopped and asked, "What's the matter, Libby? Can I help you? Now, please tell me your troubles, won't you? Say, let's try to get your mind off your troubles and on to mine! Have you read Hall Hollerings for this week? Somebody played the dirtiest trick on me! They put my name in it with that character, Louise Mendel. You wouldn't know who did it, would you?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't know who did it, Randy. I can assure you that it



was a dirty trick and I don't know who would do an awful thing like that!" exclaimed Libby.

"Listen to me, my girl, I guess you've finished crying now, haven't you? If so, I must be off to track practice now. Next time I don't want to see you in here bawling your eyes out, understand?" he said as he walked away, leaving Libby and Penny staring at him.

As soon as he had left Shannon's, Libby burst out, sighing, "Oh! isn't he marvelous? I wonder if he heard us talking about him. I'm almost sure he didn't because I would probably have gotten bawled out if he had."

Many days elapsed during which Libby and Penny wondered whether Randy knew. Almost every night that Penny had a date with George, her "ready steady," Libby would come down to see her while she dressed. Libby had been asked for dates with other boys constantly, but was determined not to go out until Randy had at least asked her for a date. She knew that this inkling of fondness existed and she was trying to find out whether he returned it or not.

One day Libby and Penny went to the club and met George. He had Randy with him which was a big surprise to both Libby and Penny. They played golf at the club most of the afternoon and played bridge the rest. When ready to go home, Randy took them in his "jalopy". It was an old broken down car with extra ventilation from cracks in the windows, and looked as though it had been on its last journey.

That night after supper, Libby ran down to Penny's house to discuss the events of the afternoon. After having talked for a long time, in fact until George had come, Libby started home in a daze.

Upon her arrival at her home, she saw the big broad-shouldered boy, with sandy hair, standing on the front porch in the dim light from the street. As she ambled up the walk, she could tell by the expression on his face that something was wrong. She greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Branch, and how are you this fine evening? Won't you come in? Can't I be of some help to you?"

He said in a gruff voice, "Yes, and I thought you were my friend. I have found out, by dear, since this afternoon that you were the little rat that put my name in Hall Hollerings several weeks ago! Do you know what I think of you? I think you are a filthy little scoundrel! I also think that was the worst trick anybody has ever played! Who in the world would ever want his name linked with Louise Mendel?"

She replied, trying to throw the tears out of her voice, "That was the only way I knew to make you realize I existed! You had completely ignored me for so long until this afternoon that life wasn't even worth living!"

"It was the cheapest, underhanded trick you could have done!" he yelled, as he stormed off the porch into the dark night.

Libby went into the house, crying and telling herself what a nut she had been. First she went into her room and bawled for a long time. She stared at

herself in the mirror; she studied her brown hair, hazel eyes, and her smooth complexion. As she gazed in the mirror, she thought of her friend, Penny, who with blond hair and blue eyes had attracted George.

After she had stayed in her room for about an hour, she tried to amuse herself with her records, books, magazines, and all other sources of entertainment, but could find no happiness.

After several hours had passed and she was still trying to find something to do, the doorbell rang. It was a delivery boy who inquired, "Are you Miss Libby Bradley?"

She replied "Yes."

"I have a package for you, Miss Bradley. Will you sign here?"

After having signed the slip of paper she ran into the house and opened the box. It was a corsage of one dozen red roses! In it she found a card saying, "Here is a bit of news for your Hall Hollerings next week: 'Libby Bradley and Randy Branch were seen, looking very romantic at the Easter dance at the club last Saturday night'—Randy."



Mystery

By HARRY TAYLOR

*A solitary figure in a silent grave;
All around in the moonlight, grim reminders of
the dead.
The church in simple red brick
Rising like a spectre out of the mist.
All this I see this still and ghostly night and
I wonder.
Green living moss climbing, twisting through
the foundation
Trying to pull the church down to the graves.
I look . . . the church seems out of place. . . .
Strange, that in a place like this
A church should seem out of place!
I look at grave and church—church and grave;
Then I despair . . .
I look again and I wonder.*

Raptures

By KATHRYN STREET

A DREAM

*A golden palace rises from the sea,
Its tower reaching to the blue
'Til a rosy mist enshrouds mysteriously
Their peaks that glean with brilliant hue,
And slowly disappear from view.*

*Sail boats lazily skimming the sweet lagoon
Dip their sails and pass on by.
White-capped waves that noisily wash it soon
Lick the rocks that jut out nigh,
Again retreating with a sigh.*

*The breezes begin to gently blow, they seem
To disperse the scene of the tranquil bay.
Tell me! Was it really but a dream,
Or will I find again some day
That land of peace a world away?*

* * * * *

A THOUGHT

*Shrieking with joy at the new-fallen snow,
Children run up to the heights.
What care have they that the day now is cold,
Caught in a whirl of delights?*

*Faster than rockets they zoom down the hill,
'Til they are thrown at the bend.
Laughing and singing they play, until night
Brings their day's pleasures to end.*

*Wearily trudging their paths toward home,
Faces that smile unbeguiled.
Kind is the Master of men to create
Snow for the littlest child.*

My Shining Hour

By ROSE VARN



T was a very warm May morning as I sat in 2-H English class. Life was utterly boring. The dull teacher was rambling along about a very colorless guy who wrote "My Travels" or something just as interesting. The catch was that he had never been anywhere but was recording a dream. Anyone can dream!

Suddenly the brilliant idea presented itself to me to amuse myself since life wasn't exciting. I cautiously grabbed the string which hung from the window curtain and was contemplating how to make it long enough to hang the teacher, when the girl sitting behind me sweetly jabbed a pencil into my ribs. Rising perhaps three feet out of my desk, I quietly screamed bloody murder. Miss ——— gave me a stare which made it December in May and asked that I please endeavor to keep my emotions to myself.

Sinking back into my seat, I murmured, "Fermez la bouche!" assuring myself that if my French teacher could hear me she would be duly impressed, and if my English teacher could hear me—well, let's not go into that.

With a wicked gleam in my eye I plotted my revenge. Seeing my friend turn sideways in her seat and sprawl her feet in the aisle, I quickly turned the same way and raising my foot stamped on her toes. Aha! That would fix her!

As soon as the victim had subsided, I heard, "Miss Varn, you have one hour for interrupting the class."

No, it couldn't happen. I started to ask the teacher to repeat the statement but decided against it, since Miss ——— was slightly perturbed and on the slightest agitation would probably increase it to two hours.

Then came recess. Fourth period whizzed by like a ninety-nine year old man with the rheumatism. I sat in fifth period as one who sits in the death chamber. Where was conduct hall, anyway? Although my secret ambition was to be considered daring and devilish, this was the first conduct time I had received.

What will they do to me? Maybe they'll beat me or pull out my fingernails. I had never heard any screams on the first floor after three o'clock, but perhaps they had the room soundproofed.

The bell jangled, and I jumped nervously—the zero hour! If they would just let me tell my mother farewell.

With feet which felt as if they weighed tons, I walked down the hall. At the designated room, I wiped a tear from each cheek and pushed the door open. Seeing several other unfortunates sitting around the dreary room, I sat down in a corner and twisted my handkerchief. To think I should ever come to this!

Mr. Reade was at the teacher's desk and in a few minutes he began calling

the roll. It was very difficult to answer, but my voice finally managed to make a squeaky sound. He glanced up, then checked my name.

"All you talkers get to studying," he said matter-of-factly.

With amazement I opened my Latin book and focused my attention as best I could on Caesar.

"All right, it's four. You may go," I heard.

I bolted from my chair and raced for the door. Oh! Joy! Joy! I was out of there. My sentence had been served. Glancing down, I saw that I was carrying my English book home. I thought, "Well, that's strange. I never do my English homework."



Portrait Of a Beauty

By DREWRY BEASLEY

*Her lips were like the roses red
That now adorned her lovely head;
Her eyes were like two far away stars
That might belong to the planet Mars;
Her golden hair was like the sun
That shone above, for only one.*

*Her smile was like the rustling breeze
That whistled through the standing trees;
Her tiny hands were smooth and fair
For they were blessed with tender care;
But in her heart best beauty lay
That would remain along life's way.*

Songs of Love

By MARILYN GEISELMAN

LOVE

*Love is a beautiful carousel
With music bright and gay,
That ever circles round and round
Like a children's roundelay.*

*Love is a speeding roller coaster
That moves along so fast,
Now up, now down, it courses on
Until its thrill is past.*

*Love is a firefly flitting about
On a sultry summer night,
That flashes brightly for an instant
And then fades out of sight.*

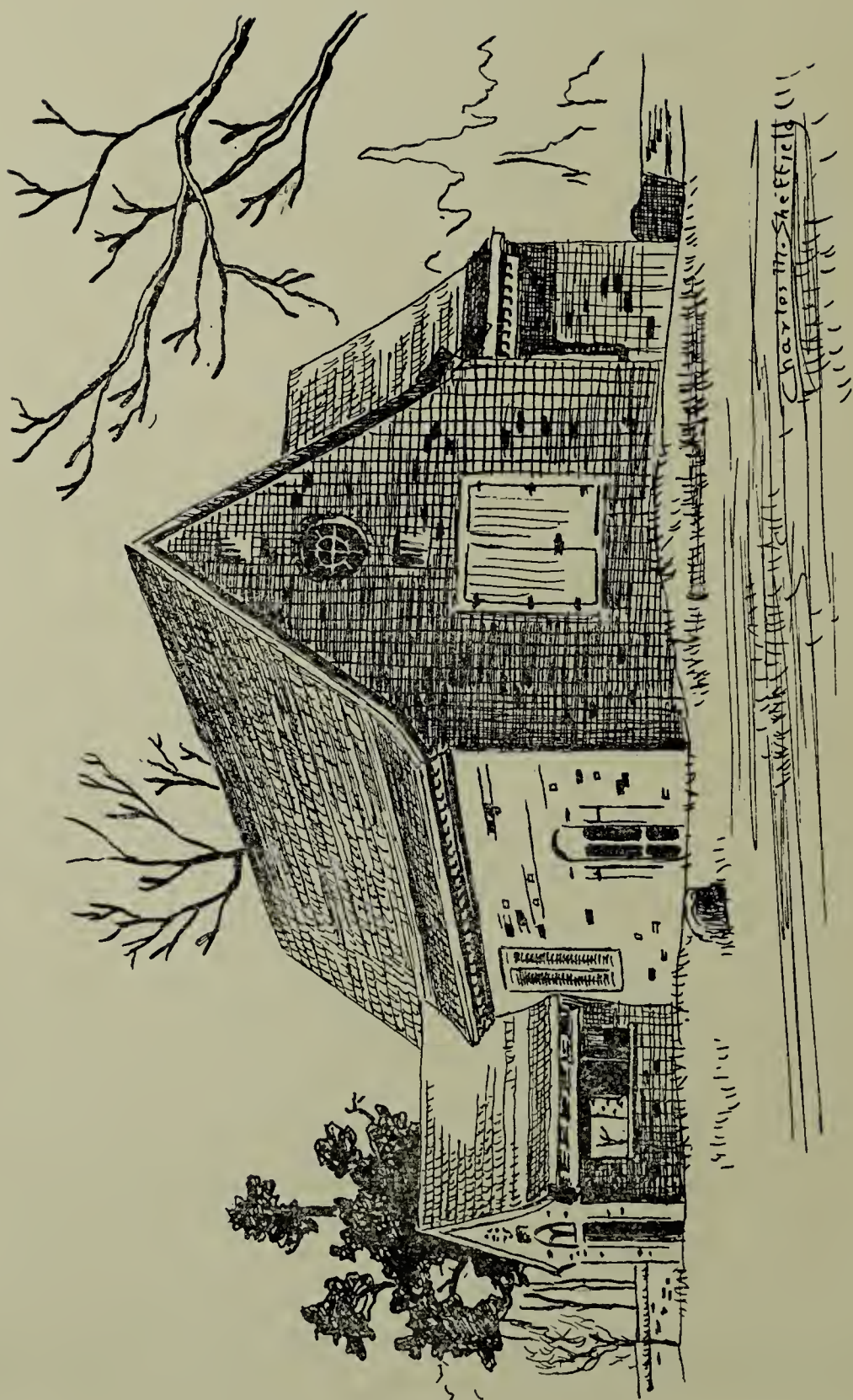
A GLIMPSE OF SPRING

*I love to go walking in the woods
When the first signs of spring are seen,
The bright new grass along the paths
And the bushes and trees so green.*

*High in a tree a robin is singing
His merry new spring song,
While the other birds a chorus form
To sing the whole day long.*

*Over a hill and down again,
And now a bridge I see
With a gentle stream, a fisherman's dream,
That is sheltered by a tree.*

*This is surely a scene for an artist to paint,
The bridge, the stream, and the tree,
But I'm certain it won't compare with the
picture
That God has made for me.*



Yeocomico Church

By PATSY PAYNE



HAVING traveled many miles over winding roads, we found ourselves on a straight dirt road in Westmoreland County, Virginia, which led to the historic Yeocomico Church. This is one of the oldest houses of worship in Virginia.

We parked our cars nearby and walked into the churchyard through the iron gate in the brick wall. On this wall was an old iron bell which probably called George Washington and the Lees to church.

In the churchyard we found an old sun-dial which bore the date 1771 and which still is used as a timepiece.

Yeocomico Church isn't a spectacular building but its simple American adaptation of English architecture is impressive. This historic landmark is constructed of red brick, which originally was ornamented by a design of glazed blue bricks which have now lost their brilliant hue. Its roof is of shingles, and the building is offset by faded green blinds.

The church's main door is unusual in that the large white entrance has also a wicket which is used in case of bad weather.

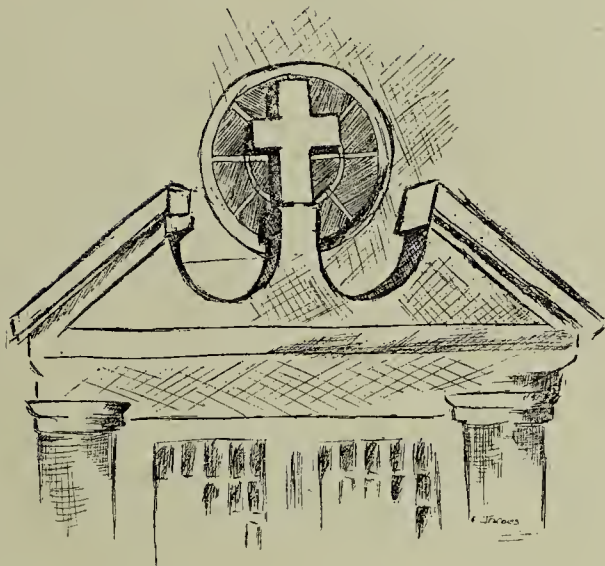
The floor of the porch is made of intricately carved brick.

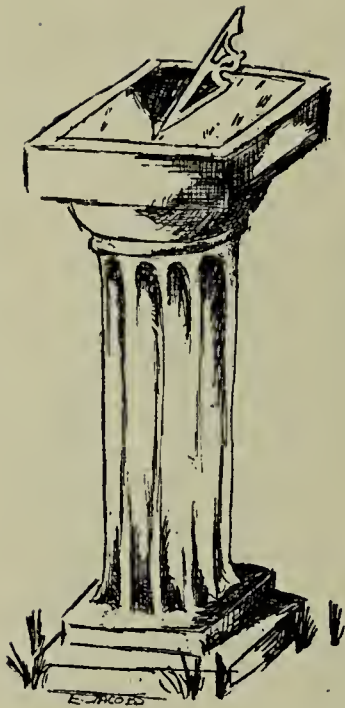
As I entered the church, I realized that it was a typical Episcopal church except that it differed from the usual form by having the pulpit in front and chancel on the side. The pulpit is the wine glass type with a sounding board.

The church is not in the true shape of a cross. At the rear of the church is the balcony where the slaves sat, and under this is the vestry. In the west transept is the baptismal font. It is here, as the story goes, that George Washington was baptized, though this tradition is subject to considerable doubt. In the east transept is the altar.

The interior of the church is whitewashed. The hand-made family pews probably had doors originally. The first oak beams are still there. The church is poorly heated with iron stoves and is not equipped with electricity.

Near the baptismal font is a marble plaque which was erected by the





Eskridge family in 1940 in memory of Colonel George Eskridge, guardian of Mary Ball, mother of George Washington.

The huge iron hinges on the doors and the old reading desk, which dated back to 1653, attracted my attention. Another of the original furnishings in the church is a walnut communion table which was used as a chopping block during the war of 1812.

Yeocomico Church was founded by John Powell in 1655. It was built of oaken timbers and sheathed with clapboards. In 1706 it was rebuilt of brick by Daniel McCarty, Esquire, and the Reverend Samuel Gray was rector.

In 1788 a new roof was added, and from 1800-1814 it was deserted. In 1840 it was even used as a barn! During the Civil War the Confederate Home Guard occupied it.

At the great oak tree is planted some evergreen ivy. This was placed here by the Ladies of the Lee Memorial.

Some of the famous people connected with the Yeocomico Church are: Harriet Lane Johnson, who was a niece of President Buchanan and a girl attendant here; Councillor Carter of the famous Carter family, a renowned jurist and favorite nephew of George Washington, and General Parker who was aide de camp of "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

Although the spirits of these famous people have long since departed, the atmosphere of their lives lingers and is firmly implanted in the Yeocomico Church.



Sonnets

LIFE

By EVELYN HOWERTON

*I have a happy heart and carefree mind,
Unmarred by worldly toils or fruitless tears.
So few this great and glorious treasure find,
To brighten darkened days and weary years.
My eyes that sometimes see a scorning face,
Or hearts made sorrowful by love's neglect,
Will hope to see relief these cares replace,
And lips in laughter's joyous wreaths bedecked.
These eyes behold the beauty of the moon,
And purest clouds in snowy folds unfurled.
My ears can only hear some gay, glad tune
Of music sounding clear throughout the world.
The future comes with joy and dreams untold,
Forever, only they my life can mold.*

* * * * *

GOD'S BREATH WAS EVERYWHERE

By HELEN FOUSSEKIS

*Arrays of blinking stars I've watched at night,
Tiny lamps and each an angel's eye;
I've seen Apollo's torch aglow up high,
To gush forth many colors, dazzling bright,
Before the sea put out its gleaming light.
On moon-drenched lakes where many lovers sigh,
I've walked along their grassy banks, and my
Poor soul was yet to find a healing sight.
But music with fingers soft did come to me,
Giving vital strengths my soul could bear,
And wiped away the haze so I could see;
And then upon the sea my thoughts did dare
To swim to distant lands with dreams now free—
In earth and song God's breath was everywhere!*

NATURE'S BALM

By DAVIS WYATT

*The world and work have made me tired this
day.
I feel dejected, distraught by my scolding friend,
Scorned, an outcast; nor do I comprehend
The troubles like thorns amidst the new mown
hay.
This life is but a direful dream—nay—
What useless worry, what folly its functions
attend.
My soul is sick from all this strife to contend
With mortal's universe; but then, I unsay
All this, when on the soft and verdant moss,
I have lain beneath the lacy maple leaves
At Mother Nature's feet, and heard the thrush
Send forth its golden tones that come across
My ears like angel's music, that relieves
My soul and leaves the earth in a holy hush.*

* * * * *

ON SEEING A TIDAL WAVE

By NAN JONES

*Upon a hill I see a tidal wave
And watch as it leaves grim death and
devastation;
It seems to bring to me an odd sensation
While watching the waters as to and fro they
rave;
Each act that is performed by the countless
brave
Depicts the courage of this sturdy nation
When God in His firmament shakes all creation
And washes away the hapless ones to their grave.
Just so I see the tidal wave of age
Sweep over youth's bright, fanciful weekend,
And take from us our carefree spirits, gay
With pleasures which we hardly stop to gauge
That they will lead us in the ways that wend
Far down the hill of sin for which we pay.*

The Portrait

By BETTY MCGILL

ROBERTA HANNON stood on the front steps of Hannon Hall and wondered perplexedly what she was to do. Her mother's letter had distinctly said that she was to spend Christmas at the Hall because of her father's illness and that she had already written Uncle Charles that she—Roberta—would arrive Thursday. Yet there had been no one to meet her at the station; there was no one in the whole house. Where could her Uncle be, and what was she going to do?

Just as she had decided for the third time that she must go back to the station or find a telephone, a middle-aged woman in an old beaten-up Ford drove into the grounds of the estate and drew up at the foot of the steps.

"Are you Roberta Hannon?" she called without getting out of the car.

"I certainly am, and I'd like to know where my uncle is! Who are you?" Bobby's temper was aroused and she wasted no time in politeness.

"I'm Mrs. Barkley, your uncle's housekeeper." The woman had finally descended from the old Ford.

"Where is my uncle? Why isn't he here to meet me?"

"My dear child, do you mean to say you haven't heard?" The housekeeper was obviously surprised and a trifle disconcerted. "I thought surely they would have written your mother!"

"Written her what? What's happened, and why is everything all closed up?"

"Your Uncle Charles Hannon died last week of a heart attack!" The woman looked towards the house and sighed.

"Died? Uncle Charles? I don't believe it! He was the alivest person I know!"

"Nevertheless, Roberta, your uncle is dead." The tears in the house-



keeper's eyes belied her casual tone, and Bobby's words seemed to have the effect of highly offending her. Perhaps she was in love with Uncle Charles, Bobby thought.

And she was not far from wrong. Helen Lee had been a lonely girl all her life, and when Tom Barkley had left her three months after their elopement, she had felt that life held nothing for her. It wasn't until Charles Hannon had found her serving a luncheon at his sister's and brought her to Hannon Hall as his housekeeper that she had had any happiness at all. For four years she had been not only housekeeper but companion, adviser, helper, friend, confidant to him, and never once had she heard a harsh word or seen him do anything unkind. Yes, it would have been very strange if she had not loved him, for he was the kindest and the gentlest of all men. But he had never seen her adoration; in fact, he had never seemed to see her at all as a woman, but rather as a friend and helper, as ageless and sexless as his favorite chair. She was simply one of the few he could trust, and she made sure he could always trust her. In fact, it would have been an ideal relationship except for one disturbing factor. Hung on the wall of Charles Hannon's library was a portrait of a very beautiful young woman. She was the most hauntingly beautiful young woman Mrs. Barkley had ever seen, and she knew that her employer was devoted to her.

All these thoughts had passed through the woman's mind as she stood on the front steps of the old manor house and gazed at the lovely lawn, pride and joy of its late owner. It was with reluctance that she forced her mind back to the present and to Mr. Charley's niece, who was very much alive and was demanding to know so many things. . . .

"Mrs. Barkley, did you hear me? I asked you if my uncle left a will. Who owns this house now, and who's going to live here? And where is all the furniture, and all the antiques he kept? Who has the keys to the house? What did . . . Mrs. Barkley, are you listening to me?"

"Yes, yes, Roberta, I hear you. I have the key. Would you like to go inside? The furniture and antiques are still here. Your uncle's will leaves the house to me, to be sold or lived in, as I wish. I haven't decided yet what I'm going to do."

"To you? To a housekeeper? Oh, no! Uncle would never do a thing like that!" Roberta's normally polite manner had deserted her in the present crisis. "Please give me the key."

"I'll go in with you. There are some things I wish to arrange." The housekeeper opened the door as she spoke.

"Don't you trust me, Mrs. Barkley? I'm not going to run off with anything, after all!"

"What a silly question, Roberta. Of course I trust you. I have to go in anyhow. That's why I came out here." The woman was obviously surprised at the girl's tone and attitude, for her uncle had always spoken of her as one of

his favorite relatives; it was puzzling to hear her take that haughty tone of voice. Oh well, she thought, it's probably just the shock of her uncle's death. I'm certainly not going to let her upset me. Oh dear, I have so much to do. I hope she'll go home soon.

"Why, here's Mother's letter to Uncle Charley on the floor. No wonder no one knew I was coming. The mailman must have slipped it under the front door."

"Yes, that explains it. I'll admit I was very surprised to see you here. I wouldn't have known who you were if it hadn't been for the picture of you on Ch— on your Uncle Charles's desk. You look just like your photograph."

"Why, that must have been the picture of me at summer camp. It's the only one I ever gave him. I had no idea he kept it. Where is his desk?"

"Right this way; it's in his private den. All his favorite pictures are in here."

"Oh, I remember that picture. Uncle Charley took it of me on my fourteenth birthday. Isn't it ridiculous? I didn't think he'd ever want to show it to anyone. Golly, he has so many pictures in here. I had no idea he knew so many people that well. Look at all the inscriptions, some from famous people, too."

"Yes, we knew right many famous people." She noticed the girl's eyebrows shoot up at the word "we", and for some reason she found that she was glad. But Roberta said nothing about it.

"Who in the world is that lovely lady on the wall there? I've never seen anyone quite so beautiful before." Roberta's face showed an unusual interest.

It had come at last. Mrs. Barkley had known that some day she would have to explain about that portrait, but it was a job she feared. Perhaps Roberta would be content with a half-truth. She would try, anyhow.

"Yes, she is beautiful, isn't she? Such finely chiseled features, such fresh, clear skin and wavy brown hair. She is so serene, so at peace, and her poise and grace are so obvious, even in a portrait. And such beautiful hands, like an artist's, so strong and sure and graceful, and so nicely manicured. They seem to hold security, don't they, and yet they must hold it without fear of loss, for look how much at ease they lie. And those soft brown eyes would melt the heart of a stone. Yes, she's about the most perfect beauty I've ever seen."

This had been a long speech for the usually taciturn housekeeper, and she held her breath at the end, hoping that there would be no more questions on this subject. But Bobby Hannon was not a girl to be put off when she wanted something.

"Who was she, Mrs. Barkley?"

"I don't know, Roberta!"

"You don't know? But you sounded as if you knew her personally. Didn't my uncle tell you who she was? Was he in love with her?"

There it was—the dreaded question. The woman sighed, said softly, "I guess

he did adore her, but he never knew who she was!"

"You mean he was in love with a picture of someone he didn't even know? That's impossible."

"No, Roberta, it isn't. We tried many years to find out who she was, but the picture wasn't titled or signed, and no one ever knew. I wish I did. It worried us both for a long time. I guess we'll never know now."

"I think I'll have some news for you soon, Mrs. Barkley. Now I think I'd better find a place to stay tonight. Can you give me a ride to town?"

"Certainly. You can stay in town with me. I'm living with my cousin for the time being, and I know she won't mind having you for the night. You can get a train out tomorrow morning at eleven. Let's go, shall we?"

As she locked the front door, Helen Barkley said a silent farewell to her one and only home. Again she felt that life held nothing for her, but at least she had known something of its wonder and love. As they drove to town, each busy with her own thoughts, there was a strange feeling of intimacy between the two women who had known one man in two such diverse ways.

When they reached the town, Bobby left Mrs. Barkley and made her way to the public library, where she searched all the back numbers of the art magazines until, just as the librarian had said that she would have to leave, she found the picture she had been looking for. Elated, she went to Mrs. Barkley with the news which that lady had alternately feared and longed to hear since the day Charles Hannon had brought home the portrait which had so appealed to him. The picture of the beautiful woman was a portrait of Mrs. Charles Hannon, Sr., who had died when her son was born. Although young Charley had never seen a picture of his lovely parent, something in the portrait had so appealed to him that he had bought it and had kept it in the place of honor in his home for thirty years.

Fear

By ANN ROGERS

*One day,
Against my window
Pane did fly a bird . . .
An omen of death . . . my death . . . and I
Was afraid.*

Hardship of a Journey Back Home

By HELEN FOUSSEKIS



VEN from the time I was a little girl, trains always had a strange fascination for me. I enjoyed watching the world speed past me and letting my imagination play a game of what will happen on arrival of my future destination. I have enjoyed all train trips except—and in life there's always an exception to a rule—one most abominable, nerve-racking, disgusting, and . . . and . . . and . . .

And now, good people, I shall begin my unfortunate tale of a journey back home.

Although I had spent three glorious weeks in Washington, D. C., the thought of going back home was pretty good to me. My train was to leave at three in the afternoon, and at two-thirty I was saying my farewell speech to my friend and her parents, who had entertained me so graciously.

My friend and I kissed each other affectionately on the cheek with a Kleenex between the lips and the cheek. This is a safe method to prevent having lipstick stains on a freshly powdered face.

When I arrived at Union Station, I was shocked at learning that it was only two minutes to three. Panic caught me between the eyes, and dizzily I looked all around me. There were so many gates. I felt like the character in "The Lady or the Tiger." Which gate?

Finally I noticed some soldiers running to a gate that was marked 21. My impulse, having engulfed what little sound judgment I have, urged me to follow the soldiers, and for once in my life my impulse was guiding me in the right direction.

As I ran, my heavy suitcase was hammering against my right leg, which in turn was knocking against my left leg. The skin of my palm felt as if it were being pulled off and glued to the handle of my suitcase. I dropped my pocket-book and broke my mother's beautiful compact. Running down the platform, I shouted to the smiling and serene gentleman known as the engineer, "Please wait a minute!"

Somehow I got on board, and before entering the compartment, I leaned against a door and waited until my breath caught up with me. Adjusting the skirt of my suit and wiping the sweat off my forehead, I picked up my valise and walked in like a bored cosmopolitan.

From Washington to Quantico I had standing room only. The air in the train was thick with cigarette smoke. Down the aisle came the piercing screams of a baby, whose mother was comforting him by singing bars of Sioux City Sou.

The way she sang she should have been behind bars. Some soldiers were carrying on a flirtatious conversation with some girls and, after a long courtship of three minutes, they were referring to each other as "precious" and "sweetheart". Two unpleasingly plump, colored Juliets, sprayed with a perfume that was obviously called "Evening in Harlem", kept bumping into me as the train rocked.

Fortunately a man got up when we reached Quantico. Holding a battered hat in his hand and trying to straighten his tousled hair, he whispered to me, "Girlie, good luck."

Forgetting his words, I sank down into my seat, and every muscle in my body felt wonderfully relaxed. But his words came back to me when, standing up on the seat beside me there was a small boy, twitching his equiangular nose, wiggling his ears, and looking as innocent as an English bull dog.

This little darling glared at me for a moment to determine whether or not I was an unreasonable facsimile of a human being. When he had reached a definite conclusion that my head was hollow and could be used as a drum, his two small fists bounced up and down rhythmically on my cranium, leaving it full of contortions and convolutions.

The little monster's mother, who reminded me of Gravel Gertie, scolded the child by shaking her finger and saying, "No, Alfred, not that."

So he began to pull my hair.

I think in that moment every nerve cell I possess was mutinying against self-control. I grabbed his hands and thought how nice they would look in handcuffs. But due to the muscular physique of his mater, I played the part of a hypocrite and commented how cute her little boy was.

I sank back in my seat. Woe is me, how I hated trains! I kept thinking of my hate when all of a sudden, little Alfred offered me a funny book. I began to convince myself that this little creature had a tender spot in his adorable little heart.

I had just become absorbed in reading about the perils of Bugs Bunny when that uncanny little brat seized the book out of my hands, tore sheet by sheet, and handed me pages fourteen and thirty-five. And to beat it all, his mother just sat there, studying the reactions of her growing cub and thinking how clever he was—and to be so young!

I was at my rope's end, and by George, I would have jumped if that lovely conductor hadn't informed me that I had reached Petersburg. Only four hours! Why, it didn't seem more than four years!

Haggard, completely exhausted, looking like a suitable mate for the Sad Sack, I dragged myself off the train. My family greeted me at the station, but I was too numb to feel any joy.

Soon Alfred's image faded and life became beautiful. Everything was wonderful, and the whistle of a train was music to my ears, beckoning me to look forward to going aboard it again—with no Alfred the next time.

Cinquains

SELF-PITY

By HELEN FOUSSEKIS

*A pile
Was heaped up high
With all dejecting thoughts,
And then was quickly set ablaze
With tears.*

AT PEACE

By ANITA MERSEL

*Arise,
Grey mist, for deep
Is the sleep of the heroes now.
The tempest is passed and death has
brought them
Peace.*

'TIS SPRING

By DONALD LEA

*Awake,
My sleeping buds,
And come to claim your place.
'Tis time for you to start again
To live.*

*Then sing,
My pretty birds,
And let the notes be clear,
For winter blasts are o'er and done;
Be glad!*

*Rejoice!
And so be happy,
Enjoy the days ahead;
'Tis time to throw away your coats,
'Tis spring.*



The Great House

By JEAN COTTEN



LOW, rambling house met our view as we turned the last curve leading to the Great House, the home of the Bailey family of Kinsale.

The house was constructed of white clapboard. Spreading leisurely over the cool, shady grounds, it keeps perpetual watch over the Potomac. The smokehouse stood off a little from the main house. This and the kitchen were still as they had been for centuries. The rooms were roomy though not spacious. Massive fireplaces were in each room. There were two large dormer window overlooking the river. Although not a mansion, the Great House was probably one of the show places of its day.

The midday sun was shining brilliantly, and as we looked out across the blue waters of the Potomac from the hill on which stands the antiquated structure, it seems impossible that such tranquillity could reign where once fierce battles raged.

It was a bright, sunny day during the War of 1812. The blood of patriotic Americans flowed freely, among them a certain James Sigourney who lay dying on this same bluff overlooking the murmuring Potomac. A small family cemetery several hundred yards from the Great House was the final resting place of Sigourney who slept undisturbed and forgotten for many years. On his tombstone were inscribed these words:

*"Go gallant youths
Obey the call of Heaven,
Your sins are few,
We trust they are forgiven,
But then, Oh!
What can paint the parents' woe,
Your country will punish the hand
That gave the blow."*

Three Bailey sisters, spinsters, uncovered his grave, hidden by over a century of dirt and grass, and to his memory they erected a light in the dormer window of the house to warn other mariners of the dangerous cliffs. This custom continued for many years.

One of these same spinsters made the most exquisite quilt I have ever seen. On this quilt were embroidered five hundred and fifty-five rose buds signifying the number of steps in the Washington Monument. In the center were two magnificent roses in full bloom symbolizing the president and vice-president and several other roses representing the cabinet members. This marvelous handiwork was created in 1887 and is today still beautiful and intriguing.

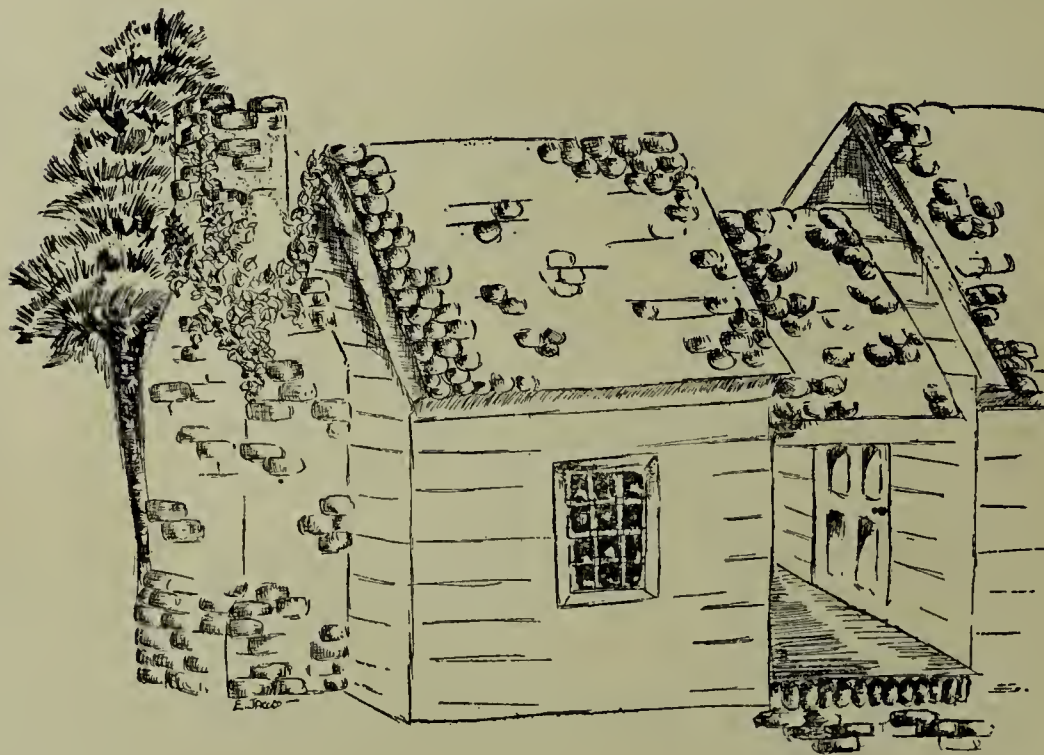
The Great House, which is over 350 years old, was burned during the War

of 1812, destroying everything except the kitchen. Rebuilt in 1824, it stands today reminiscent of a day past but not forgotten.

A quiet stroll around the premises of the Bailey home carries one away on the wings of time. A friendly atmosphere pervades the grounds, and the inviting shade of the large trees calls one to conversation with nature.

In the cemetery are contained the graves of many of the Bailey family—a sort of history of a people still living in the house which still stands as a monument to their name.

So with reverent hearts and lofty aspirations, we turned our path from the Great House back to the present—and to the future.





Yeocomico Church



Chancel in
Yeocomico Church



Pulpit and Main Door
Yeocomico Church



Upper View of Chancel
Yeocomico Church



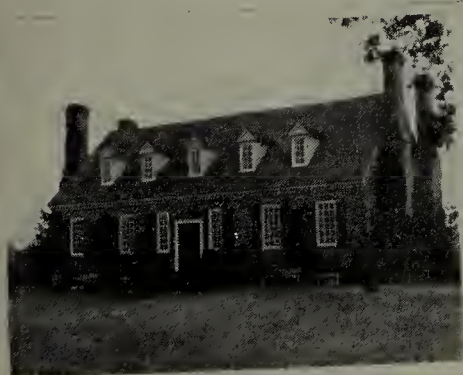
The Great House
Kinsale



Rear of Wakefield



Montross Court House



Front of Wakefield



Washington Burial
Grounds

Mister Yankee

By ROSE VARN



LUCINDA walked slowly from the living room, down the covered walkway to the kitchen. Peeping in, she watched Lizzie, the colored mammy, as she dolefully tried to prepare a meal for a family of five out of the measly supply of potatoes and flour which remained. The Yankee soldiers had destroyed the corn crop completely by riding through on horseback and waving their swords to the right and left. Lucinda, her mother, and Lizzie had stood in their yard and watched each beautiful stalk bow to the tyrants. They had also watched and heard the cries of pain and fear as the soldiers slew their cows, horses, and pigs.



Now there was no food supply, and Lizzie, who couldn't understand this fierce battle between her beloved master and these strange men, was doing her best to feed Lucinda, her two younger brothers, her sister, who was a year older, and her brave mother.

Bored with watching Lizzie, the little girl of ten retraced her steps until she was midway of the passage. Sitting on the edge of the wooden walkway, she smoothed her rough cotton dress over her knees. Mother had told her to be careful of it. It was her only dress now, and there was no way of getting another.

Lucinda wondered, as she often did now, where her daddy was. He had been gone so long. When he had left home the last time, his arm had been all bandaged and he had looked very pale. She closed her eyes and whispered, "Oh, God, please let my Daddy come back home soon."

She opened her eyes to see a troop of horses coming up the road. Maybe Daddy was coming home! The horses stopped in front of the house, and some of the soldiers, seeing Lucinda, led their steeds to the walkway and stopped very near her.

Lucinda could tell now that these were Yankees—enemies—but still she did not move.

"I will not let them see that I'm afraid," she told herself. Her little back straightened, and she sat, very still and small, looking up at the strangers.

One of the meanest looking ones said, "Are ya' scared of the Yankees, Sissie?"

Lucinda did not answer, and a laugh went up among the men. Tears sprang to the eyes of the small Virginian, but still she did not move.

Laughing coarsely and talking among themselves, the men presently wander-

ed back to the road. That is, all the men but one—one who was very tall and handsome, with kind blue eyes and teeth that glistened whenever he smiled.

"What's your name?" he asked quietly.

"Lucinda," said the little Rebel after a moment's deliberation.

"I'll bet you're at least twelve years old, aren't you? I've a little girl twelve, and she's just like you."

Lucinda flushed happily. No one had ever told her she looked twelve years old.

"Does your little girl like the war?" she asked the man seriously.

"Well, you see, where we live there's no fighting, and she doesn't understand it very much."

"I'm glad . . . aren't you, that your little girl doesn't know what war is?"

"Indeed I am. Little Lady, I'd better leave now, but when I see Betty I'll tell her how glad we are. Good bye, Lucin—."

"Oh Mister Yankee," Lucinda broke in, "if you see my Daddy—his coat is gray"—there was a hint of pride in her voice—"please tell him to come home. I miss him."

"I'll tell him," the weary man said, with a sad smile. "I'll tell him." Then he turned and rode quickly away.

Lucinda rushed into the house. "Mama, Mama," she called, "that nice man is going to make Daddy come home. Isn't he grand?"

A tall, serene woman knelt and put her arm around the child, "Why, darling, did you think Daddy wasn't coming home? Of course, he is."

Lucinda told her mother what had happened. As she listened, the woman whispered under her breath, "Oh, if only the Yankee will treat my William as mercifully as he treated my Lucinda."

The Fleeting Light

By KATHRYN STREET

*The setting sun brings the day to end
In softly colored hue,
Gold entwined with pink and gray,
Rose and baby blue.*

*A moment of splendor unsurpassed,
It lingers above the lawn;
Then fades behind the motherly hills
And all too soon is gone.*

*So life too soon begins to wane,
Rich in treasures bright.
A fleeting instant and we are left
To darkness and to night.*

The Daily Grind

By MARTHA WOODS



ATILDA EAVESDRIP entered the local grocery store, a smile playing with the corners of her thin mouth. Marketing was a chore that quite appealed to Matilda. Of course, she, like all the other women of Hogwallow, complained that it was most tiring and that she'd rather take a beating than stand in line for a pound of butter; but secretly, so secretly, perhaps, that she had never admitted it to herself, Matilda enjoyed this task of "bringing home the bacon". For how else could she find out how many times the Joneses had steak for supper, or how much Mrs. Brown had to flirt with the grocer to get that extra pound of sugar? And then the grocery store was such a friendly place where you could chat with all townsfolk. And that, that above all, was Matilda's favorite pastime. On this particular day, the first person to accost Matilda was Mrs. I. M. Curious.

"Matilda," she exclaimed, "what an adorable hat! It's so becoming to you, and makes you look ten years younger."

Matilda, with a modest smile, explained that it was ages old, never mentioning the hours spent the previous day selecting the above named article. Then, as is only common decency, Matilda was compelled to return this compliment and gushed with ecstasy, "Bessie, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

A similar procedure followed, in which Bessie assured her that it was nothing at all—just an old rag she had slung on to do her shopping.

After a few moments of idle chatter, Bessie burst forth with a clearly audible whisper. "I suppose you've heard the latest about the Sanborns."

Matilda assured her in the negative and lent an inquisitive ear as Bessie continued.

"Well, he's lost his job again, and his wife, the poor dear, had to take back her new fur coat. I wouldn't blame her one bit if she left him—the old sot."

"Speaking of sots," Matilda ventured breathlessly, "Mr. Morgan told Miss Newhill that Mrs. Hubbard said that the postman told her that he distinctly smelled liquor on Mrs. Magee's breath."

"Of course, the reason is because she's been having servant trouble again," Bessie sighed. "The last one she had just eloped with the ice man."

"Really? Well, I'm glad the poor girl finally got him. I've watched them from my kitchen window and it was disgraceful the way she flirted with him."

"Did you see Mr. Foster making such a spectacle of himself over that redhead at the church supper, Matilda?"

"Yes, and he a married man—."

"Well," Mrs. Curious said at last, "I suppose I'd better go. Someone, seeing us here, might have the nerve to think we were gossiping!"

MEMORY BOX

By MILDRED JOHNSON

*I glance within my memory box,
So neatly tied in blue,
And see the tokens of my flings,
Each one a love so true.*

*A tiny ring reminds me of
My favorite childhood beau,
He used to carry my books for me—
Why did I let him go?*

*And one pressed flower from the prom
I never will forget;
The boy who took me to that dance
Is dancing with me yet.*

* * * * *

A SUMMER NIGHT

By FRANCES ALLEN

*The night was very light and bright,
The stars were shedding silver beams;
And everywhere the world seemed gay
As lovers sailed on moonlit streams.*

*The crickets chirped their cheerful song,
The air was filled with sweet perfume;
The whole world seemed to sense the joy
That made the lovely flowers bloom.*

*An owl gave forth his mournful groan
To-Who—To-Who—To-Who—To-Who—
The nightingale sang his threnody,
So melancholy and so blue.*

*The breezes breathed their blissful breath
And slumber stole across the sky;
The earth relaxed in calm repose
While God surveyed it from on high.*

My Love

By SHEP RUSSELL

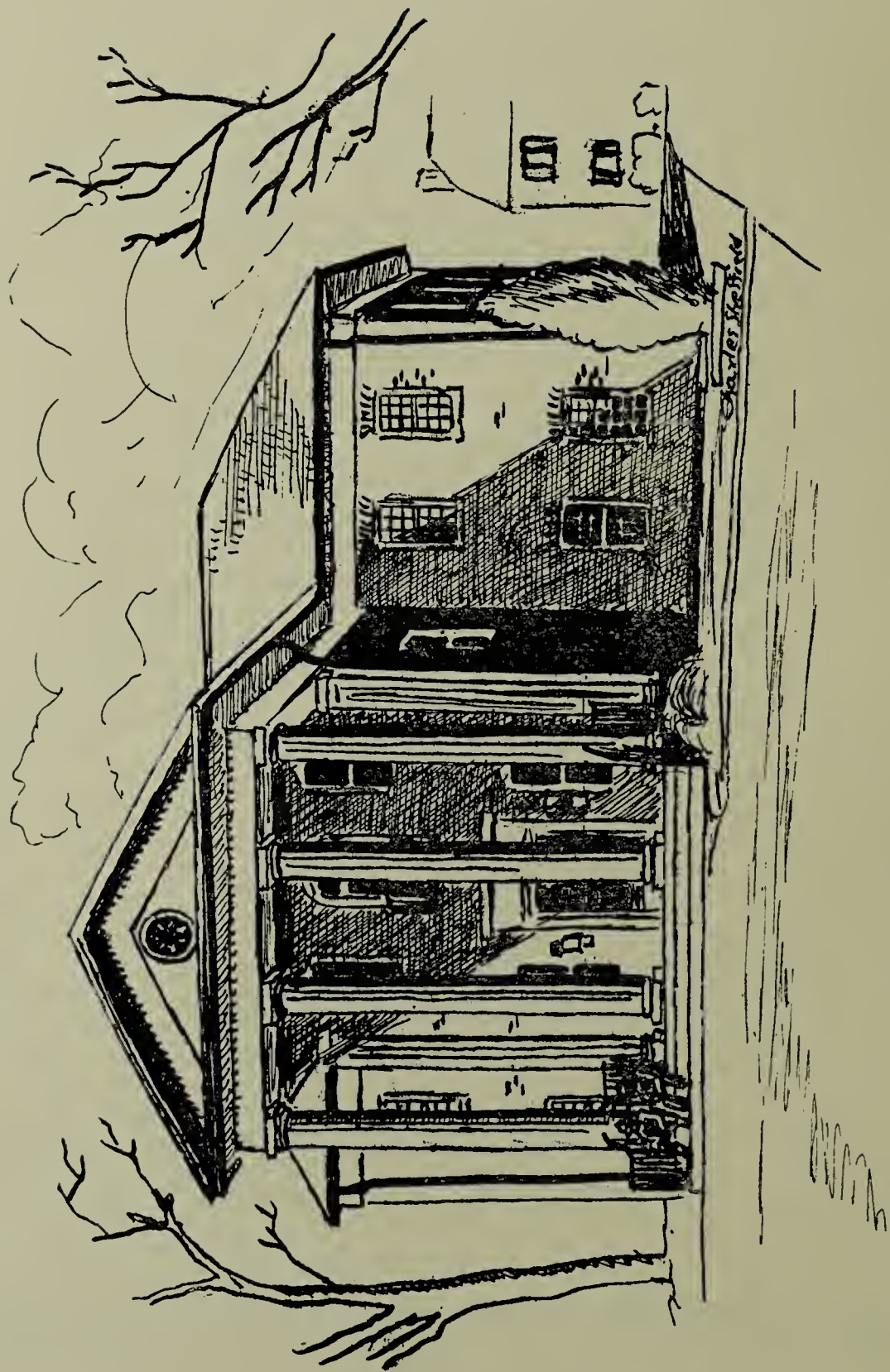
*I love to see a tree at dusk
Outlined in silhouette,
The trunk, the branch, the limb, the twig;
New leaves have not formed yet.*

*I love to walk through shady woods
Where all is calm and still,
When suddenly I hear the call
Of a cheery whippoorwill.*

*I love to look up in the sky
And see the moon at night;
I love to see the stars above
That twinkle there so bright.*

*I love to see the sun at dawn
Rise in the eastern sky,
The promise of another day
To add to those gone by.*

*All nature is from God Himself,
Who from the heaven above
Looks down upon this earth of ours
And sends these gifts of love.*



An Old Courthouse

(MONTROSS)

By BERT STUBBLEBINE



ANG! BANG! "The Court will come to order. The clerk will read the docket." This is what we hear as we enter a different age. This is not, however, a new era; it is one back in the annals of time, one of years gone by, one of history.

This tiny courthouse built in 17— at Montross, Virginia, during the time of the "whipping post" and the "stock", was also the scene of many events that have caused America to be the great, world power that it is today.

A carriage is stopping in front of the courthouse. "Look! Isn't that Richard Henry Lee's carriage?"

"Why yes, there is Mr. Lee."

Yes, today is June 22, 1774, the day that Richard Henry Lee submitted his resolution, offering aid to Boston, whose port had been closed by the British government in retaliation for the fateful Boston Tea Party.

Here in this same red brick, white-columned courthouse on May 23, 1775, the Westmoreland Committee of Safety passed resolutions denouncing the royal governor, Lord Dunmore, for seizing the colony's powder supplies at Williamsburg.

Many years later in 1876 a monument commemorating the gallant soldiers of the Confederacy during the Civil War, was erected in front of this courthouse.

Today the only reminders of a lost era are the portraits of the famous statesmen who frequented its halls. Today may be seen paintings of Robert E. Lee, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, and James Madison. Also present in the form of a bust is Thomas Jefferson. Although these paintings are poor substitutes for the greats themselves, we must be content with them, for time and man march on.

Not far from the town of Montross is the site of the once thriving village of Leedstown on the banks of the Rappahannock River. Here in 1766 were passed the famous Leedstown Resolutions, a product of the best brains of Westmoreland County and a forerunner of the Declaration of Independence. A copy of these resolutions is carved in marble in the old Montross Court House. They constitute a noble memorial to the spirit of those great Virginia gentlemen who helped pave the way for a free America.

These resolutions read:

"Roused by danger, and alarmed at attempts, foreign and domestic, to reduce



the people of this country to a state of abject and detestable slavery, by destroying that FREE and happy constitution of government, under which they have hitherto lived—WE, who subscribe this paper, have associated, and do bind ourselves to each other, to God, and to our country by the firmest ties that religion and virtue can frame, most sacredly and punctually to stand by, and with our lives and fortunes, to Support, Maintain, and Defend each other in the observance and execution of these following articles:

“FIRSTLY, We declare all due allegiance and obedience to our Lawful Sovereign George the Third, King of Great Britain. And we determine to the utmost of our power, to preserve the laws, the peace and good order of this Colony as far as is consistent with the preservation of our Constitutional rights and liberty.

“SECONDLY, As we know it to be the Birthright privilege of every British subject (and of the people of Virginia as being such) founded on Reason, Law and Compact; that he cannot be legally tried, but by his peers; and that he cannot be taxed, but by consent of a Parliament, in which he is represented by persons chosen by the people, and who themselves pay a part of the taxes they impose on others. If, therefore, any person or persons shall attempt, by any action or proceeding, to deprive this Colony of those fundamental rights, we will immediately regard him or them, as the most dangerous enemy of the community; and we will go to any extremity, not only to prevent the success of such attempts, but to stigmatize and punish the offender.

“THIRDLY, As the Stamp Act does absolutely direct the property of the people to be taken from them without their consent expressed by their representatives, and as in many cases it deprives the British American subject of his right to trial by jury; we do determine, at every hazard, and paying no regard to danger or to death, we will exert every faculty, to prevent the execution of the said Stamp Act in any instance whatsoever within this Colony. And every abandoned wretch, who shall be so lost to virtue and public good, as wickedly to contribute to the introduction or fixture of the Stamp Act in this Colony, by using Stamp paper, or by any other means, we will, with the utmost expedition, convince all such profligates that immediate danger and disgrace shall attend their prostitute purposes.

“FOURTHLY, That the last article may most surely and effectually be executed, we engage to each other, that whenever it shall be known to any of this association, that any person is so conducting himself as to favor the introduction of the Stamp Act that immediate notice shall be given to as many of the Association as possible; and that every individual so informed, shall, with expedition, repair to a place of meeting to be appointed as near the scene of action as may be.

“FIFTHLY, Each associator shall do his true endeavor to obtain as many signers to this Association, as he possibly can.

"SIXTHLY, If any attempt shall be made on the liberty or property of any Associator for any action or thing to be done in consequence of this agreement, we do most solemnly bind ourselves by the sacred engagements above entered into, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, to restore such Associate to his liberty, and to protect him in the enjoyment of his property"

"In testimony of the good faith with which we resolve to execute this Association we have this 27th day of February, 1776, in Virginia, put our hands and seals hereto."

By The Sea

By CHARLES WILLIS

*We run and play beside the sea,
My little friends and I;
Beneath the clear blue sky we talk
And watch the clouds go by.*

*We love to dash up on a hill
And fall and roll around,
And pick up pretty ocean shells
And listen to their sound.*

*And when the fun is finally done,
We slowly trudge back home,
And crawl into bed and go again
In dreams down to the foam.*

Day Dreaming

By PATTIE RUTH LEWIS

*The world around was hushed and still
As I lay watching from the hill
The clouds above me rolling on;
Away from me they soon were gone.
I would that I might travel, too
With them high up there in the blue.*

*Just think what places I would see
In countries very strange to me!
Some people there have skins of brown,
They live their lives in one home town,
And never see the world outside
Beyond the place where they reside.*

*Then, thought I, awful it would be
If such a fate were meant for me.
I know I never could endure
To live my life in place obscure.
Now once again the clouds I see
And know that I, like them, am free.*

The Great Moment

By EDGAR GILLIAM

IT WAS a great day. The stirred dust settled gently over the colorful crepe paper and worn Confederate flags, and lightly tanned the perspiring crowd. Children in their Sunday suits darted here and there. Many mouths were drawn open, all heads were set erect. An intrigued old gent chewed unconsciously on his little finger, while others clasped their hands in delight or awe. All eyes followed the tall orator strutting upon the gay platform.

A distinguished looking group surrounded the orator. Among them was his wife. She sat overcome with pride and, open-mouthed, gazed at her husband-orator.

The speaker wore a black suit. His large stomach bounced back and forth upon his long narrow legs. With an outstretched finger he stabbed the "cursed North". A flurried phrase and a master twist of his body rendered him enough applause to have been the hangman of Grant.

The crude platform shook under his stamps of rage, as he deepened into his speech. He stood by his wife. Sensing her admiration for himself, he continued vigorously. "And General M——— knew every man by his name—Fred—Bill—Sam—, etc.—and as they passed he slapped each one, and said, 'Good luck Fred—Bill!'" The orator was completely lost in his speech. Unconsciously he slapped his imaginary comrades. Warming to his subject, he proceeded to land some telling blows on the backs of his associate on the platform: dignified gentlemen all. Heavier fell the blows upon his now cringing companions, but undaunted he continued until, at last, two mean wallops landed upon his startled wife. "Good luck—Sam!" and again his wife reeled under the powerful blow meant for brave "Sam". The poor little lady screamed as she hit the floor. The scream was followed by a roar of laughter. The orator continued. His face was as red as the setting sun that was now low behind the platform, and his once fiery speech became as ponderous as the black mist creeping in from the east. Surely, he had encountered the most embarrassing moment of his life.



My Life

By NILES KITCHEN

*The bumble bee is buzzing there,
Around the clover blooms;
His antics seem so useless too,
As up and down he looms.
I miss him and I think he's gone,
But down again he zooms.*

*He buzzes here, he buzzes there,
That's all he seems to do;
You'd think that he would stop that noise,
And try out something new.
But could I buzz my way through life,
I think I'd do it too.*

Wind Everywhere

By ROSE VARN

*Whistling the wind comes along through the
trees,
Hear ev'ry scream as he slaps all the pines,
Roaring with might that was once just a breeze,
Hitting the rocks he advances with whines.*

*Shepherds with sheep hooks and horns climb
the hill;
Bucking the gale, they are seeking their sheep,
Flocks, which the tempest has scattered at will,
Making poor herdsmen lose half a night's sleep.*

*Gushing round corners and up crooked by-ways,
(Skirts, overcoats, little hats feel his power)
Sweeping with speed, he explores all the
highways.
Wind never ceases. All things from him cower.*

I Am A Clock

By VIRGINIA PRICHARD



OW many times have you looked up at me in excitement, anticipation, or perhaps apprehension? Every day thousands do so.

I look down upon hordes of milling people in the great railway stations of New York, Chicago, and the other throbbing centers of humanity throughout this great nation. In the midst of that confusion they watch my hands go around, too painfully slow for some who wait with shining eyes and far too fast for others who say goodbye before departing for an unknown destination.

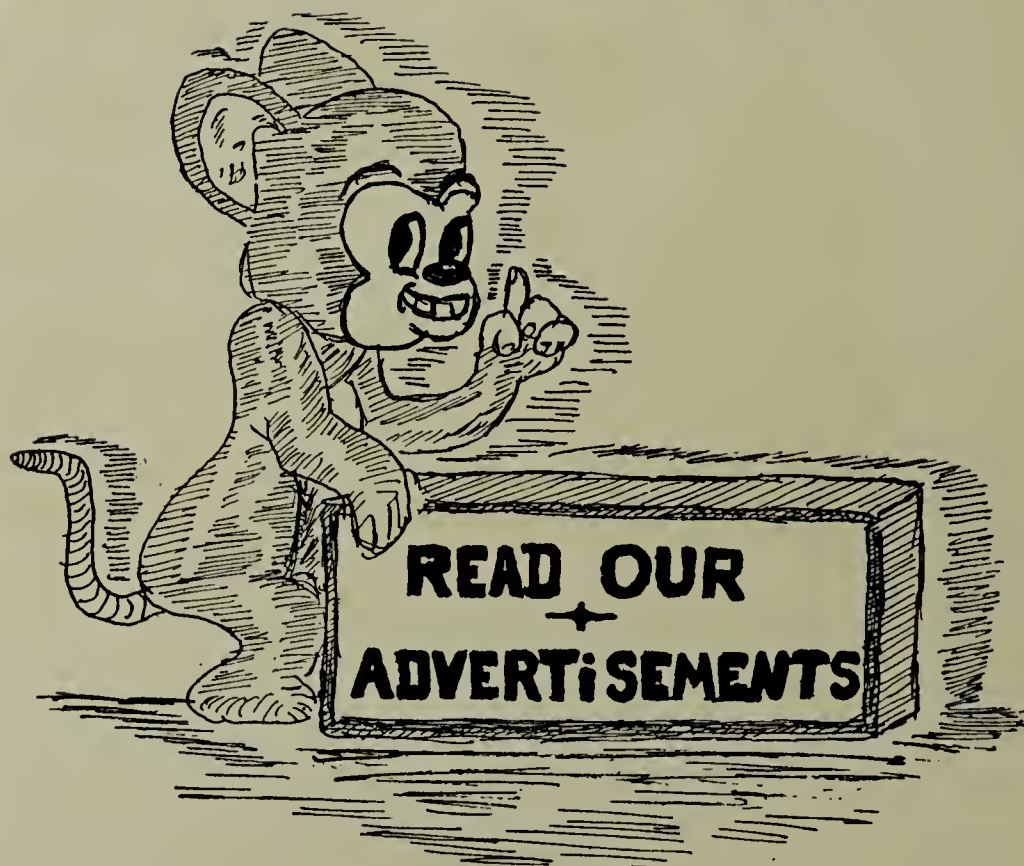
I also am on the wall of a quiet schoolroom. The only noise that can be heard is the swishing of flying pencils and my slow, steady tick tock. A small boy with tousled head looks longingly out of the window, then glances up at me, and with a deep sigh of resignation goes back to work. I wish that I could make my hands move faster so that soon he would be in the great green world of out-of-doors.

I am on the wrist of a young lieutenant in a landing barge in the early red dawn off a Jap-infested beach. He looks down at me and then at the silent, grim faces around him, together on this mission of death, but each alone in his many thoughts and memories of home. Then, as he gives the signal, they jump into the water and head for the beach.

From my place on a nursery wall I regretfully tell tiny tots that bedtime stories must be ended and the friendly lights put out. My steady ticking reassures them in the darkness and lulls them into dreams of fairy princesses and lemonade lakes.

The night wears on and all is still. For most people time stands still, motionless. Fields, woods, great cities, and small hamlets alike are bathed in the gentle silver moonlight. But do clocks rest? Our great pendulums still swing, our cuckoos still fly out hourly, and our tedious ticking never ceases, for in some remote part of the world people are still awake and others must be roused by our alarms because there's work to be done and worlds to be conquered.

BE SURE TO



Refreshing



DRINK

Coca-Cola 5¢

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Petersburg Coca-Cola Bottling Works, Inc.

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY COLLEGE

1776-1946

Notable record of service in State and Nation since the founding of the United States Government.

Time-tested standards of character and scholarship.

Personal and vocational guidance for the individual student.

For information and literature address

EDGAR G. GAMMON, *President*

Hampden-Sydney, Virginia

FOR RECREATION AND FUN

Bowl at

Health Center Bowling Alleys

11-13 East Washington Street

Jordan-Young Motors

Chrysler-Plymouth Dealers

111 West Washington St.

Phone 2600

Petersburg, Va.

Bentz Paint & Wall Paper Corporation

Brushes — Glass — Oils

ACME QUALITY PAINTS
VARNISHES

Phone 435

23 W. Washington St.

THE GLOBE DEPARTMENT STORE

EXCLUSIVE READY-TO-WEAR

Petersburg-Hopewell Gas Company

A & B Restaurant

Cor. Washington and Sycamore

A Good Place to Eat

Wood's Petersburg Dairy, Inc.

Homogenized Vitamin "D" Milk

323 WYTHE STREET

PHONE 626

Gilliatt Florist

135 West Tabb Street

"Flowers the Modern Way"

Styled by—

"GILLIATT"

Phone 5500

Box 46

Petersburg, Va.

Dyer's Yellow Cab Co.

PHONE 711

HERFF-JONES COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

Manufacturers of

PETERSBURG CLASS RINGS

SOLD THROUGH

Holt Jewelry Store

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Represented by

JAMES L. DECK

Compliments of

Albert's
JEWELERS

148 N. Sycamore St.

**Standard-James Shoe
Company**

"For Better Shoes"

124 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

COAL

And BUILDING MATERIALS

Sand - Gravel - Concrete

Call Petersburg

PHONES: 27 - 28 - 29

FRIEND & CO., Inc.

11 RIVER

PHONE 1193
Flowers For All Occasions

Turnes, the Florist

27 South Sycamore St.
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

C. F. Lauterbach's Sons

Jewelers and Silversmiths

122 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Makers and Designers of
FINE JEWELRY

NORTHROP SPORT SHOP, Inc.

450 Granby Street
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

LAVENSTEIN, Inc.

"The Store of Fashion"

PHONE 164

Wm. E. Lum, Jr., Inc.

Kodaks — Stationery

Office Supplies

15 N. Sycamore St. Phone 15
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

COMPLIMENTS AND BEST WISHES

DELTA OIL SALES COMPANY

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

HARRIS - BRENAMAN

Incorporated

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES — SPORTING GOODS

717 EAST GRACE ST.

RICHMOND 19, VA.

DIAL 3-2241

T. S. BECKWITH & CO., Inc.

125 North Sycamore Street

**STATIONERS TO PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS
SINCE 1870**

UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

Degrees conferred are B.A., B.S., B.S. in Business, M.A., M.S., and LL.B.

Each college or department publishes a catalogue which will be sent upon application to the Dean. P. O. University of Richmond, Virginia.

Summer Session opens in June, and the next Winter Session opens in September. Credits for a full semester may be earned in the Summer Session. Returning veterans will be given every possible consideration.

GEORGE MATTHEWS MODLIN, *President*

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

1830

1947

A standard liberal arts college for men with a national reputation for the success of its graduates.

A member institution of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, of the Association of American Colleges, and of the Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

Confers the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science and provides carefully arranged pre-professional courses leading to medicine, law, engineering, and the ministry.

Further information may be secured from

MARSHALL J. McNEAL, *Registrar*

Ashland, Virginia

Jordan-Young Motors

Chrysler-Plymouth Dealers

111 West Washington St.

Phone 2600

Petersburg, Va.

Jones-Rosenstock, Inc.

—CLOTHING

—HATS

—FURNISHINGS

For the Young Man and the Man

PHONE 808

107 N. Sycamore St.

Petersburg, Va.

We invite you to visit our store, corner of Franklin & Sycamore Streets, and see our display of EARLY AMERICAN and ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS.

McKenney's

Petersburg's Newest Furniture Store

FRANKLIN & SYCAMORE

S. S. Kresge Co.

Our photographs bring out the character and personality of the individual, yet are not expensive.

ROSE STUDIO

124-A North Sycamore

Phone 1315-J

A & P Bakery

W. W. PRITCHETT, *Prop.*

35 South Sycamore Street

W. Garland Anderson

(Inc.)

The Drug Shop

Phone 151

L. W. T. Bulifant

Insurance of All Types

INSURANCE CENTER

38 Franklin St. Medical Arts Bldg.

"The Old Reliable" Established 1887

Petersburg Furniture Company, Inc.

HOME FURNISHINGS

"Your Credit Is Good"

100 N. Sycamore St.

Phone 223

***The Progress-Index* . . .**

joins a proud community in wishing the students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "School Weekly News" for the students of P. H. S.

Watch for it in

THE PROGRESS-INDEX

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING FOR
MEN AND WOMEN

LUBMAN'S

233 N. Sycamore St.

Phone 2638

Young-Harrison & Co.

CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS

22 North Sycamore St.

Compliments

RALEIGH "903"

CIGARETTES

FLOWERS SCATTER SUNSHINE—

A.G. Smith & Sons
FLORISTS.

—FLOWERPHONE 11

Southworth's

M. B. ROSE, *Prop.*

BANKS DRUG STORE

Phone 39

Sycamore & Washington Sts.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Radio Station . . .

W S S V

Mutual Network

1240 ON YOUR DIAL

RUCKER
ROSENSTOCK

FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT A STORE EARNS THE
RIGHT TO EXIST ONLY AS IT SERVES

Stevens & Maclin

"The Record Shop"

31 West Washington Street

*Largest Stock of Records in Southside
Virginia*

J. S. Ritchie & Sons

SEEDS - FEEDS

Cor. Short Market and Old Streets

PHONE 676

TED CURRY MOTORS, Inc.

DODGE - PLYMOUTH AND DODGE JOB-RATED TRUCKS

Distributor for Petersburg and Southside Virginia

19-27 North Union Street

Phones 368-369

Clear's Drug Store

517 Boulevard

COLONIAL HEIGHTS

W. F. DANCE

Everything in Season

OLD MARKET

176 — PHONES — 177

Compliments

Remmie L. Arnold

Compliments of
Va. Electric & Power Co.

The Newest in
SPORTSWEAR

The Newest in
HABERDASHERY

Sollod's Clothing Shop

"Solid Built Clothes"
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Phone 728

Special Attention to
Boys and Students

220 N. Syc. St.
Petersburg, Va.

Carr's Radio Shop

RCA-VICTOR - ZENITH - BENDIX
ADMIRAL EMERSON RADIOS

Sales and Services

31 S. Sycamore Street

Salem Maosha

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
DRY GOODS and
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Halifax & Market

Phone 419

B & W Motors

Willy's Dealer

Phone 4495

130-136 Bollingbrook Street

Petersburg, Virginia

Powers' News Store

Magazines — Newspapers
Candy — Cigars

Phone 1485

242 N. Sycamore St.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

GELLMAN'S

Friendly Jewelers
(Since 1903)

Diamonds - Watches - Silverware
Watchmakers and Jewelry Repairs

212 N. Sycamore St. Union Trust Bldg.

KENT'S

Dependable Furniture
Since 1897

Mark E. Holt

OPTOMETRIST

One of Petersburg's Optometrists

Since 1915

Our Office Is Air-Cooled

Chamber of Commerce

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Telephone 5285

16 West Bank St.

W. M. Bowman

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Wiring - Fixtures - Appliances

"Everything Electrical"

Try Champion and Champion
Deluxe Fountain Pens

— for —

Smooth Writing

Southern Pen Company

16 North Union Street

Petersburg, Virginia

DEL MONTE

Quality Food Products

John A. Gill Grocery Co.

DISTRIBUTORS

**Petersburg Insurance
Company, Inc.**

Phone No. 4

106 West Tabb Street

Continuous Service Since 1860

Oliver E. Crocker

Distributor and Operator

LEGAL AMUSEMENT

and

VENDING MACHINES

AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS

**Rainbow Cleaners
and Dyers**

275 — PHONES — 276

M. BRUCE EDWARDS

EDWARD'S AMOCO SERVICE

2nd and Bollingbrook Streets

Petersburg, Virginia

Compliments of

**Dorsk Brothers
Trading Post, Inc.**

314 N. Sycamore Street

TIRE SERVICE BATTERY SERVICE

**Sycamore Service
Station**

C. C. BUCHANAN, *Prop.*

15 - 17 - 19 South Sycamore Street

LUBRICATION

WASHING

BUY AT

***The* FASHION**

Ladies' Wearing Apparel

Telephone 1194-J

312 N. Sycamore St.

Petersburg, Va.

Southside Candy Co.

CIGARS — NOVELTIES — NOTIONS

Candies of All Kinds

Phone 738

37 Bollingbrook St.

DeSOTO and PLYMOUTH

Sales and Service

Tri-Motor Sales Company

113-119 West Tabb Street

Petersburg, Virginia



*Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y.
Franchised Bottler:*

PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING CO., OF PETERSBURG, VA.

"Cotton" Whelan

ESSO STATION

Washington and Adams Streets

PHONES: 581 — 9026

DALTON'S

"Dependable Jewelers"

135 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

Clayton-Oldsmobile, Inc.

247 N. Market St. Phone 4866

PHONE 4495

OLDSMOBILE SALES & SERVICE

ESSO PRODUCTS

Complete Wrecking Service

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

AUTOMOTIVE ACCESSORIES

Whelan & Brigstock

"Mobil Friendly Service"

221 West Washington Street

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

W. A. Williamson

J. P. Robinson

Model Laundry

CLEANING and PRESSING

Phone 241

48 S. Union St.

Petersburg Artificial Limb Co.

METAL AND WILLOW WOOD
LIMBS

124 W. Tabb Street

Phone 3158-W

Wells Coal Company

C O A L

Phone 366

WICE'S

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Compliments of

Virginia Lens Company

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

For The Finest In Photographs—It's

John Grigg

- CAMERA PORTRAITS
- COMMERCIAL PHOTOS

107 West Tabb Street

Phone 4318-J

*C o z y
M o d e r n*

Century Theatre

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE OAK

"Sells Everything"

400 NORTH SYCAMORE ST.

PHONE 2587

J. D. MANN
Bakery

COMPLIMENTS OF
Roper & Comany, Inc.
WHOLESALE GROCERS
Established 1858

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE BANK of VIRGINIA
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

SMITH'S
Cigar Store

The Gem

Master System Bakery

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Phone 1857

PHILCO
RADIOS AND RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

**Love-Hudgins
Appliance Co.**

5 S. Sycamore St.

Phone 291

R. S. Terrie & Company

JOHN H. CATO, Jr., Manager

INSURANCE

9 W. Tabb Street

Telephone 120

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA



"a health food"

**Margaret Brewer's School of
Beauty Culture**

3 Months Course

THEORY — CREDITED PRACTICE — HAIR STYLING — EFFICIENCY
SHOP MANAGEMENT — ACCREDITED DIPLOMAS

Recognized By

NATIONAL HAIRDRESSERS AND COSMOLOGIST

Approved By

VIRGINIA STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

131-133 West Tabb Street

Phones 4351 - 4352

IT'S EASY AS . . .

1 - 2 - 3

TO CALL

G. C. WILSON & CO., Inc.

FOR

INSURANCE

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

RESOURCES — OVER 12 MILLION DOLLARS

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

LEONARD'S

HARDWARE — SPORTING GOODS — PAINTS

WEST BANK STREET

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Know Your Banker Better

PETERSBURG'S FUTURE LEADERS

You young citizens busily engaged in fitting yourselves to be our future leaders will some day need the services of a leading bank. When that time comes, the Petersburg Savings and American Trust Company will be happy to serve you—as we have served your forefathers for generations.

Petersburg Savings & American Trust Company

Since 1860 . . . Virginia's Oldest Bank

Member Federal Reserve System

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

— Compliments of —

Petersburg-Hopewell Bus Lines

**Petersburg Builders
Supply Co.**

"Everything to Build With"

QUALITY - - - - - SERVICE

**Petersburg Mutual
Building & Loan Corp.**

121 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

Save for a Home

Seaboard Salvage Co.

(GRESHAM & WARE)

*We Buy and Sell 'Most Anything
Secondhand*

Phone 128

128 N. Market St.

D. D. Adkins

Smart Shoes for Young People

Established 1878

We Shod Your Grandfather

Compliments of

The Leader

113 N. Sycamore Street

Cannon Shoe Store

Shoes For The Entire Family

C A N N O N

Smart Styles

126 Sycamore Street

Compliments

Maitland Bros. Bus Line

AND

Charter Service

Phone 3560

Petersburg, Virginia

Cotten Motor Co.

109 N. Market Street

Phone 513

B U I C K

Sales and Service

35 Years Your Buick Dealer

Courtesy of

MOLLOCK'S

Headquarters for

DRESS AND SPORTSWEAR



*Approved
by*



Compliments of

E. B. Mayton Co.

GROCERS

Compliments of

T. W. Mayton Transfer

252 E. Bank Street

Phone 2914

ROYAL CROWN BOTTLING COMPANY

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Titmus Optical Company, Inc.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Wholesale Only

THE HARLOW-HARDY CO., Inc.

DEALERS IN FURNITURE

"Everything For The Home"

17-19 W. Washington Street

Phone 919

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Scoggin Appliance Co., Inc.

24 South Sycamore Street

PHONE 4486

Hamlet's Restaurant

246 North Sycamore Street

BEST STEAKS

" Home Is Our Only Competitor"

Compliments of

Shapiro's Loan Office

MASTER CHEVROLET SALES, Inc.



Sales — Service

Phone 200

25-33 E. Bank Street

***"Prevent a fire and
save a life"***

*. . . . it has been a pleasure and a
privilege to our staff in cooperating
with the Staff of THE PETERSBURG
HIGH SCHOOL*

"Missile"

*. . . . in the planning and produc-
tion of their 1947 YEAR BOOK.*

Virginia Printing Company

"Producers of Good Printing"

22-24 EAST BANK STREET

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

